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ARTS DIGEST

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COVER: *La Persiana* by **Afro**. Painting in oil, 31½ x 47¼. For details on Afro's exhibition, see page 20.

CONTRIBUTORS: **James Lyons**, who will write a monthly column on musical events in New York, is a regular contributor on musical subjects to the Herald Tribune, Musical America, The American Record Guide and The Reporter . . . **Leo Steinberg**, a former contributor, is on the faculty of the Parsons School of Design and is lecturing this month at Cooper Union . . . **Alfred Werner** is the author of works on Dufy, Soutine and other modern painters.

FORTHCOMING: The American writer **John Lucas** will report on French reactions to American art in the "Salute to France" exhibition in Paris . . . a critical essay on the work of Barbara Hepworth, by English critic **Patrick Heron** . . . feature review of this year's Stable Annual.

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Letters

Protests Brooks' Biography of Sloan

To the Editor:

Mr. Van Wyck Brooks' life of John Sloan has received glowing reviews from those who understand little of art. Mr. Brooks, in his dedicatory note, disclaims being an art critic. He need not have done so. His book proves it. So long as he recounts the life of John Sloan, with persuasive sympathy, he is in his element. But in spite of disclaimers, his opinions on art are scattered lavishly through his pages. His is the kind of shallow criticism which sees only "influences" (or the lack of them). One is influenced by Hals, another by Manet, a third by Velazquez. Maurice Prendergast (that great artist still too little appreciated), he notes in passing, was *not* influenced by Cézanne. One might expect something a little more profound from a distinguished writer and scholar. But Mr. Brooks' is the usual case of the literary man writing on art.

I should like to register a somewhat indignant protest against some of his statements about my late father, William Glackens. Mr. Brooks' method to build his own subject (which needs no such building) is to belittle all other artists who come into the story. His facts are sketchy and often erroneous. My father, the most serene and even-tempered of men (as his many devoted friends still living will testify) was not in the habit of throwing his brushes and palette across the room. In more than 40 years of painting he stuck his foot through a couple of canvases. These rages lasted 30 seconds and serenity returned.

Before Mr. Brooks undertakes another work he should master his subject and sift his evidence, as he has done in the past. Yet let us hope he will leave the field of art to those more qualified to write on it. It is comforting to think that good paintings speak for themselves, without the need of Mr. Brooks, or anyone else, to speak for them.

Ira Glackens
Center Conway, N. H.

Book Coverage

To the Editor:

Just a word to say that for us folks up here in the country, it is mighty pleasant to find so much coverage in your magazine of the new art books. Where we don't have museums and galleries, art books become very important, and it is useful to have a good guide to them.

Nicholas Foster
Plattsburg, N. Y.

Rare and Wonderful

To the Editor:

It isn't often that one has the feeling that a critic has really looked at paintings. *Really looked*, I mean! Thanks a million for publishing Allyn Wood's reflections on Kandinsky, Klee and Picasso, for she shows that a work of art is really a thing she can look *into* for a long and absorbing

time. It's a rare and wonderful treat. Let's have more of it. . . .

Betty Streit
Los Angeles, Calif.

An Appreciation

To the Editor:

ARTS DIGEST arrived yesterday and it is just as if I were starting a new college course in Fine Arts, which I find highly stimulating! Browsing through the pages I realize how much I was in danger of becoming stagnated in this part of my education. Thank you so very much for affording me this splendid opportunity through the subscription to ARTS DIGEST.

I was delighted with the refreshing, energetic spirit . . . When I get through with this valuable magazine, I want two of my fellow patients to read it and then after I promised it to our recreational director who will share it with the two occupational therapists. So you see, your magazine is much appreciated . . .

Louise Gruen
New York City

(We thank Mrs. Gruen, who has been a hospital patient for several years, for her thoughtfulness. Such letters are encouraging and make our work more rewarding.—Editor's note.)

Dealers Cooperate

To The Editor:

Congratulations to the far-sighted businessman who is bringing art to offices. It's about time!

When will artists and dealers realize that it is important to travel beyond 57th St. and Madison Ave. to sell art? Perhaps the idea will catch on. The dealers who are co-operating deserve credit too, who are they?

S. Goldberg
New York City

(We agree. This is a forward step by the dealers who are proving that they can operate. The galleries are: Borgenicht, Heller, Kraushaar, Milch, Peridot, Salpeter and Urban.—Editor's note.)

Reply to Philadelphia Critics

To the Editor:

In their letters (ARTS DIGEST, March 15) attacking my article on the state of criticism as related to Philadelphia's first art festival, Artists' Equity members Ben Wolf and Emlen Etting based their complaints on their substitution of a part for the whole: they proclaim Equity's show at the Philadelphia Museum (one of the festival's events) to be the festival itself.

The article contains no such confusion of terms. It refers, of course, to the festival as a whole, and includes its ending date to distinguish it from that of the Equity show; this facet of the festival is not even mentioned, since it was not yet, at the article's writing, a reality to be reviewed. Mr. Wolf's descriptions of "chicken" and "turkey" for these artists and their show are simply his own fowl fantasies.

Sam Feinstein
Philadelphia, Pa.

Spectrum by Jonathan Marshall

UNESCO Achievement

We are disturbed by an editorial that appeared recently in another magazine attacking UNESCO on the erroneous grounds that its record "becomes steadily poorer." The writer, like so many others, shows little knowledge of the UN agency's aims and accomplishments. True, UNESCO has not slain the dragon of world fear or singlehandedly created a new golden age of arts. It has, however, within a limited budget, done valuable work.

The principal points of attack were the recent meeting of the UNESCO-sponsored First International Association of Plastic Arts, held in Venice last fall, and the eighth general UNESCO conference held in Montevideo. The attack on the latter largely took the form of a long quote from England's provocative *Economist*.

America's delegation, headed by Henry Billings, included David Smith, Harold Weston, Helena Simkhovitch and William Smith. They were chosen by leading art associations.

We cannot understand why our colleague disapproves of an international artists' organization which includes in its program such projects as: removal of customs' barriers for works of living artists, creation of an international fund for artists for sale abroad of living artists' work, study grants for artists, international exchange of artists, establishment of photographic archives of works of art, support of the International Copyright Convention and its application to artists' rights, and generally to "improve, facilitate and defend the economic and social position of artists."

Contrary to our colleague's opinion, the meeting was not ridiculous because of efforts of "an Italo-French bloc to ram through its own procedure, ideas and control." The minutes show harmony, and it is too bad that our colleague was unable to attend, for the press was permitted entry.

The ten-man Executive Committee shows broad representation from the 29 participating nations. The American delegates to the International Association of Plastic Arts meeting were not "considerably disillusioned," as charged in the aforementioned article. In fact, they urge creation of a United States Committee to support the international group, and we support their efforts.

In addition to sponsoring this conference, UNESCO has done valuable work in studying world tensions, teaching literacy and crafts in underdeveloped areas, making known art treasures from inaccessible areas, facilitating exchange of the arts, making new textbooks available and training teachers in underdeveloped nations, and teaching human rights. These, we

believe, are important contributions to world peace and understanding.

We can understand attacks on UNESCO by super-patriots and isolationists, by those who attack for political publicity or personal prestige. We can neither understand nor condone an attack by an intelligent and respected colleague. We hope that American artists will actively participate in this new organization that can make important contributions to the welfare of all artists.

Art and Soap Flakes

Art and soap flakes both must be sold, but there the similarity ends, except that each is essential to our culture. Soap flakes are sold through high pressure, million-dollar advertising campaigns. Some art is sold.

We don't advocate high pressure sales techniques, but we do favor realistic promotion and cooperation in an era we all recognize to be different from the fabulous days of the captains of industry, Frick, Morgan and Mellon. There is no need for the art world to be a malnourished stepchild of our economy; however, to paraphrase Shakespeare, it is not in our stars but in ourselves that we are economic underlings.

A friend who began collecting recently summarized the problem graphically. She said, "The dealers are like the mother in Williams' play *The Glass Menagerie*. They live in the past hoping a modern Rembrandt will come their way."

In the days of Lord Duveen there were wealthy collectors buying old masters on the dealer's word. They were mostly buying cultural acceptance and prestige. Few bought art for itself. That was the past. Today we must sell. The public can learn that art, like soap, is an important part of life.

Many thousands of people can now afford to collect art, but only a few do collect. Why? Few have learned that they can collect and enjoy it. The average person is afraid to go into a gallery. Some think that they can only buy Rembrandt, Renoir or the likes, and they cannot afford the price. Others live far from a reputable gallery. Some have been frightened by a dealer's cool reception. Still others work and cannot get to a gallery when it is open. There are many more reasons, all equally obvious.

What can be done? First, we must realize that we cannot eat the past. We must adjust to the times and forsake our glass menagerie for the more plebeian market place. Here we find the law of supply and demand rules, and again we point out that it is better to

sell ten paintings at a moderate price than nothing exorbitantly priced. Some dealers do this, but others have not awakened yet.

We also believe that galleries would do well if they stayed open at night once a week. This presents problems, but hardly insurmountable ones. However, it takes cooperation.

Perhaps it is time to form a gallery association—other industries use this technique for promotion. Such an association could promote art sales on a national level, where the individual gallery cannot afford to participate. It could also stimulate gallery cooperation in new areas.

It is true that most galleries have had a good year, or at least a better one than usual. This is partly a result of the increased national art interest. It is also a reflection of the general economic boom. Nevertheless, the potential market has not been tapped. It will not be tapped until we leave our glass menageries, our smug memories of mysterious formal atmospheres, of Frick, Morgan and Mellon, and of frock coats and foreign accents. The market place is large and varied. Like soap flakes, art can be sold.

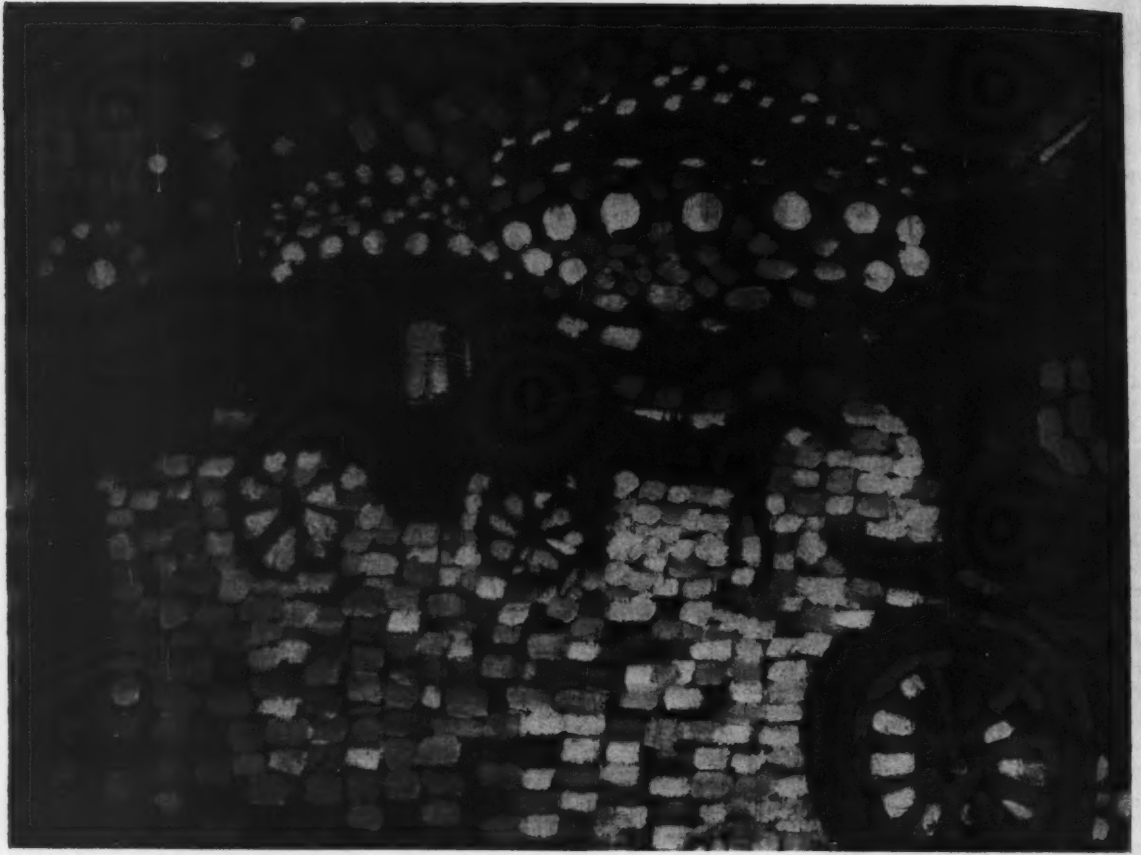
The Tortoise Express

The 95th anniversary of the Pony Express was celebrated earlier this month. Back in 1860 it took some eight days for the ride between Missouri and California, providing, of course, that Indians and bad men were by-passed. There was a slogan about sleet and snow and how swift messengers could not be stopped in their appointed rounds. Those were the "good old days."

Keeping pace with modern technology, the postal purveyors, like everyone else, converted. Naturally rate increases were needed, and they were granted to the tune of 20 per cent in recent years. We cannot remember the Pony Express, although we can remember rapid deliveries. Now there is a new move afoot for another raise in postal rates, and we suspect that the new means of transportation will be the tortoise.

Nothing said herein is an attack on the individual letter carrier. In fact, we appreciate their work and sympathize with their problems. Our own mailman is a regular reader of this magazine and always picks up a copy at the office. This ensures his getting it on time. Other readers, however, occasionally suffer. We heard of one case in which three readers living in the same building received copies a week apart.

A Tortoise Express would have its esthetic merits, but it hardly seems practical any more with crowded traffic conditions, and the higher rates would put many small magazines out of business. The latter idea is particularly repugnant.



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Delaunay: the Brief Song of Orphism

by LaVerne George

The name of Robert Delaunay, although secure in the history of cubism, is usually relegated to the limbo of minor contributors, distinguished from the rest primarily through Apollinaire's gift for tidying trends. When Delaunay injected his brilliant color into the monochrome of cubist discipline, the poet-critic created a category for it called Orphism, a more ironically apt label than anyone imagined at the time. For, despite the similar researches of men like Kupka and the efforts of Delaunay's American friends MacDonald-Wright and Morgan Russell, Orphism was to remain almost a one-man movement, and a brief one at that.

However, not until this month has it been possible for Americans to assess what Orphism was in the hands of its creator. The current retrospective of 42 paintings at the Guggenheim Museum (through May 1) offers the first real chance to see examples of Delaunay's major work, dating back to the rarely shown post-impressionist canvases of 1905 on up to the gigantic *Circular Rhythm* of 1937, completed four years before his death.

The early landscapes, painted while he was under the influence of the Pont-Aven group, which he encountered during his school vacations in Brittany, show neither an extraordinary sense of color, nor a highly personal vision. He was, of course, barely 20 at the time and they would not be surprising if it were not for the sudden appearance of *Night Scene* (1906-07), a delight of glowing dots on a rich black ground which predicts the intense poetry which was to be released four or five years later. In between were the explorations of space rhythms in his *St. Severin* and *Eiffel Tower* series, but these were not the paintings which inspired Apollinaire. It was the *Windows* series which literally opened the cubist facets to a flood of pure color and light. These, with the dazzling *Sun Disks* and the powerful *Circular Forms* of 1912, were hailed as some of the purest and most lyrical non-objective paintings to that date. They led to the invitation to show with the Blue Riders in Berlin and planted him, at 27, firmly in the front rank of the new era in painting. Kandinsky sent Klee to him in Paris with a note asking that Delaunay show the talented Swiss what was going on and the effect of this meeting on Klee was to result in some of his finest works.

Faced with the paintings of 1912 and even the *City* paintings which preceded the *Windows*, it is difficult to see how Delaunay escaped becoming one of the most important artists of his time. There may be a clue in a review of the 1914 Salon des Indépendants in Paris, written by Arthur Cravan, a poet-critic noted for his nasty vocabulary and vicious contempt for the second rate. In the midst of an outrageously personal assault on Delaunay, Cravan wrote, "I believe that this painter has turned out badly . . . Once he looked with great stupefied eyes upon the world that is so beautiful without giving any thought to whether it was modern or ancient. [Now] he knows that the Eiffel Tower, the telephone, automobiles, airplanes are modern things . . . [and] it did this big fathead no end of harm to learn so much. What I see in Delaunay is therefore a lack of temperament."

This might even be the case. During the same year when he was painting his completely original, fresh and delicate *Windows*, he produced the huge *Three Graces*, which is so derivative of Gleizes and his circle as to be platitudinous. It is no less skillful, perhaps, than similar cone-and-circle treatments of the human form, but there is little in it but theory. From 1912 on, in fact, there is no reappearance of the clarity and vitality in his *Circular Forms*, and much less of the deeply personal feeling in the *Windows*. Instead it is the most dubious elements in his Eiffel Tower studies which he seems to have cultivated, and during the war years (which he was forced to spend in Spain) he succumbed to startling lapses in taste such as *Nude* and the static, impersonal *Portuguese Still Life and Serving Maid*. Among the work which occupied his later years (he did a great many portraits of his painter and poet friends as well as stage designs and official murals) there are two of his later circle efforts which are as dry as Kandinsky's late geometric studies.

Delaunay's failure to fulfill the lyricism of the *Windows* or the lush promise of his *Disk* paintings cannot be attributed to a lack of recognition, for they earned him fame. Perhaps Cravan was right in his charge of self-conscious modernity and a desire "to be first at any cost." Whatever the explanation, it has been said that he felt the world was making a large mistake in its evaluation of his fellow cubists. The important figures in his eyes were never Braque or Picasso, but Gleizes, Herbin and Lhote. So far, his reputation rests with theirs, a talent of the second order; but unlike them, he had a moment when he rose above the "temporary" which threatens most theorists and touched the timeless.

The exhibition, which will travel to Boston and other cities after it closes here, may carry an object lesson for painters today. To see and feel the life which Delaunay's small, deeply personal canvases project underlines the lack of it in the large (and so very contemporary) canvases which stood out in Salons, but which died on the walls.

OPPOSITE PAGE: paintings by Robert Delaunay at the Guggenheim Museum. TOP: *Night Scene*, 1906-07. BOTTOM: *Circular Forms*, 1912.



BOTTOM LEFT: *Gold lyre from royal grave at Ur.* TOP LEFT: *detail of the lyre's bull head.* ABOVE: *details of the lyre's mosaic shell plaque*

Philadelphia's University Museum: the Ur Collection

by Sam Feinstein

photographs by Reuben Goldberg

The popularity of Philadelphia's University Museum, the oldest of its kind in America, is due, in part, to its willingness to change with the times. The museum's initial interests were archaeological; it has shown, in rejuvenating its exhibitions, an increased awareness of their artistic significance as well. The re-installation of the Babylonian section—of which the famous Ur collection is the current phase—is especially significant in that it links the institution's present status with its early history.

The University Museum began with a Babylonian collection, sent back, in 1899, from an expedition to Nippur sponsored by the University of Pennsylvania. Its first housing—the University's library—soon became inadequate, and the nucleus of the museum's present building was opened in 1899, under a name considerably longer than its present one: The Free Museum of Science and Art of the Department of Archaeology and Palaeontology of the University of Pennsylvania.

More than 100 expeditions have followed in the last half century, and the University Museum is today not only one of the world's leading institutions in the study of ancient and primitive man, but has been the most active, during the past five years, in maintaining field campaigns for this purpose.

As the museum's collections have grown, their areas of public usefulness have broadened. Today, beyond their archaeological and ethnological value, these collections are being enjoyed, through increasingly effective display, on levels other than those immediately pertinent to man's history or behavior. Esthetically their content is often superb: Chinese sculpture, porcelains and jades; Persian manuscripts; Maori woodcarvings; outstanding collections of native Pacific and African art, including Benin bronzes and Ivory Coast figurines; Coclé plaques of gold from Panama; pottery and textiles from Peru; magnificent Greek vases of the Archaic and Classical periods; Egyptian sculpture from prehistoric to Roman times; a strikingly handsome Mayan gallery.

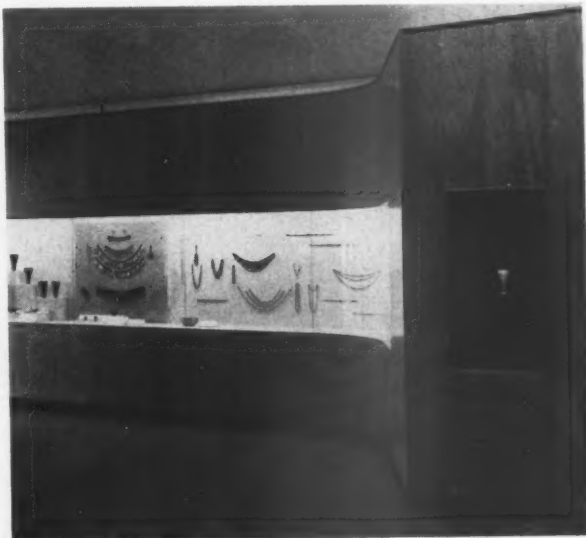
The museum has recognized the esthetic importance of its collections; an eminent sculptor, Jacques Lipchitz, is listed among the consultants on exhibitions here; a sensitive pho-

tographer, Reuben Goldberg, adds an artist's insight to the pictorial documenting of the collections; the museum's educational department, directed by Kenneth Matthews, provides personal guidance to art students and teachers.

The remodeling of exhibitions is a major challenge to this institution. Its Bulletins quote Dr. Froelich C. Rainey, the museum's director: "Today there are no standards of good museum exhibition technique. We are all experimenting. A dilemma in the University Museum is created by the desire to utilize objects for educational purposes and at the same time to exhibit them as works of art. But this is not unnatural, since the institution is at once a public museum of ancient and primitive art, a museum for the instruction of university students, and a center for research.

"We all agree that light and color must be poured into the galleries to bring them alive, and that we must explain and instruct as well as present art objects in a setting worthy of them, but the visual presentation of ideas is exceedingly difficult when you admit that charts, maps and long or badly written labels bore people. These problems are now being worked out by professionally trained designers, in collaboration with the curators, and we hope that we can eventually produce exhibitions which translate ideas, show

Installation of the Ur Collection



the best of ancient and primitive art, and produce a pleasant environment for those people who will take the time to stop and think back through the ages.

"One expression of our philosophy of exhibitions and the use of the museum is the elimination of that pompous climb to the top floor forced upon every visitor even before he could enter the building. It seems to me that this was a survival of that period in our history when the arts and the sciences were a grim business only to be embarked upon as a civic responsibility. Now you may enter on the ground level through a modest door into what we hope is a hospitable and pleasant place."

This easy accessibility and directness of presentation characterizes the simple modernity of the museum's new look for its oldest collection, the Babylonian section. Under the direction of Robert H. Dyson, Jr., one aspect of it—the Ur collection—has now been reinstalled and will open on April 21; a projected opening is planned for autumn to re-present other examples of ancient Mesopotamian art in the museum: works from Khafaje, Nippur, Tepe Gawra, Nimrud, al'Ubaid.

The new gallery, designed by Antonio Lebrija, one of Mexico's outstanding specialists in museum display tech-

nique, holds written words to a minimum, but sets up visual relationships between objects, which stir the imagination of the observer to think out connecting identities. Their arrangement is uncluttered; space surrounds the individual objects in eloquent silence, allowing each image to tell its story of the past.

The Ur excavations are among the most spectacular archaeological discoveries of the 20th century, rewarding a search which began in the 19th. The site had been identified in 1854 by J. E. Taylor, a British consul, as the biblical Ur of the Chaldees, but a request to excavate it in 1899 was not granted by the Turkish government. Twenty years later new trenches were opened on behalf of the British Museum at Ur and at a small neighboring mound, al'Ubaid; the work was resumed in 1922 by Sir Leonard Wooley, who directed a joint expedition of the British Museum and the University Museum (and who, incidentally, is coming from London for the opening of this exhibition). Between 1926 and 1933 a group of "Royal" tombs was found, their treasures being equally divided between London, Baghdad and Philadelphia. The University's share is highlighted in this new installation





OPPOSITE: alabaster head from Khafaje. ABOVE: clay figurines with bitumen wigs, from al'Ubaid. BELOW: statuette of a Sumerian, from Khafaje



by the sophisticated jewelry and personal possessions of the Sumerian Queen Shubad, many of them, despite their early date (c. 2600 B. C.) in a remarkable state of preservation.

The discovery of Queen Shubad's tomb revealed strange funeral rites which included the sacrifice of those who willingly went to an honored death by accompanying their Queen. In the large shaft dug about her tomb were her chariot with the team of asses and three grooms, the six bearers of the golden lances, her women singers and lyre players, together with their instruments; all were adorned with their gold crowns and court dresses. The queen's gaming boards were found buried with her, as were her wardrobe, her vessels of gold, silver, calcite and soapstone. This exhibition also includes her personal ornaments, a lapis lazuli amulet, her handsomely figured cylinder seals, and tiers of beads in gold, silver, carnelian, lapis and onyx, so numerous as to have covered the upper half of her cloak; a great gold comb ornamented with gold flowers, finger rings of gold wire, large lunate earrings. The queen's diadem here—a marvel of delicate work—consists of a thousand minute lapis beads, possibly imported from as far away as Afghanistan, to be mounted, in their original state, on white leather, forming a blue background upon which are attached tiny gold rams, antlered stags, bearded bulls and gazelles, all disposed amidst gold shrubs, flowers, ears of corn and fruit.

Among the objects found buried in Queen Shubad's tomb are her gold fluted tumbler and several gold bowls, a gold toilet set which includes tweezers and an ear spoon, gold and silver powder boxes and cosmetic shells filled with stibium and green paint; pipes for making music, tubes for drinking beer.

Other tombs in this royal cemetery at Ur have produced objects of great interest in this installation—some rather odd and a bit fussy in design—a twenty-inch-high gold, silver and lapis statuette of a *Ram in the Thicket* (one of a pair shared with the British Museum), which probably served to support a lamp or an offering table—others bold and firm in contour and quite modern in feeling: one of the mosaic shell plaques from a lyre found in the King's grave arranges animals to simulate human behavior, its forms preceding, by a few thousand years, the creations of Walt Disney and one of Picasso's latest styles.

Small in size, but strongly modeled, are bull and lion heads from lyres, in copper, silver, gold and lapis. Their presence in the current exhibition is a prelude to other works of art being reinstalled to complete the museum's Babylonian section: a splendid diorite head of Gudea, prince of Lagash, a Tepe Gawra obsidian bowl, powerful sculpture from Khafaje and al'Ubaid, including a standing bronze bull and archaic feminine clay figures with birdlike heads and bitumen wigs. Their exhibition will dramatize anew the museum's oldest collection.

"Philadelphia's University Museum," says Dr. Rainey in its Bulletin, "was designed at the end of the 19th Century in the style of Renaissance buildings of northern Italy. Today, in an age of severe and utilitarian public buildings, many people consider it a difficult building to use for modern exhibitions of ancient and primitive art. To the exhibition designer at the present moment, this may be a serious problem. But to those of us who are students of history there is a certain satisfaction in carrying on the study of man in the kind of building originally designed for an age of inquiry, discovery, and intellectual adventure."



The Taft Museum in Cincinnati

by Alfred Werner

A tranquil, lovely mansion of the early days of the Republic is to be found in the heart of crowded downtown Cincinnati. It is, indeed, "found" annually by the 42,000 people who visit the Taft Museum, the mansion's present occupant. Reputedly one of the last creations of Benjamin Henry Latrobe, the designer of the White House portico, the house bears a striking resemblance to the Washington shrine. (It was on the four-columned portico of the Queen City mansion that William Howard Taft was formally notified of his nomination for the Presidency in 1908.) Whether or not the house on 316 Pike Street is a work of Latrobe—the most outstanding architect in the era of Jefferson and Madison—the dignified, gleamingly white two-story edifice, in its noble restraint, and with its uncompromising application of the Vitruvian principles, is a superb specimen of the neo-classical style.

Into this house in 1871 moved Mr. and Mrs. David Sinton, whose only daughter was to marry Charles Phelps Taft, a half-brother of the president, and an uncle of the late senator. The Sintons, and subsequently the Tafts, enlarged the building and also made changes in keeping with the "mid-Victorian" taste. But on the whole they respected tradition and did not fall under the spell of their contemporary "chromo-civilization." When, in 1927, the Tafts gave their house and all its art treasures to the city of Cincinnati, authorities on early American architecture found that little was needed to restore the place to its original "Greek Revival" appearance. Elaborate marble mantels made way for simple wooden ones brought in from old houses near Cincinnati. The walls were repainted in colors from the 1820s. In the main entrance hall, under the layers of wallpapers and many coats of varnish, were found murals—romantic landscapes, still lifes, and American eagles, all surrounded by painted borders imitating rococo frames, that had been done in oil by Robert S. Duncanson, who was active in Cincinnati between 1843 and 1851. To restore the exterior, an old colored print was used for exact information, and the Victorian entrance doorway, the blinds, and dormer and bay windows were replaced by their 1820 equivalents. Duncan Phyfe furniture was another addition to create the atmosphere of a home of the first quarter of the 19th century.

Yet the Taft Collection itself brings us to the first quarter of the twentieth century. Mr. Taft was born in 1843, his wife was a few years younger; hence they belonged to the generation of Morgan, Frick and Mellon. Nor as rich as these fabulous collectors, they bought objects of art from about 1902 onward, not because a Duveen testified to their investment

value, or a Berenson to their authenticity, but simply because they liked them. For this reason, the Taft Collection is less spectacular, but at the same time more a product of personal taste and individual search than the more celebrated collections. The Tafts, cultivated people who were interested in all the arts, had their limitations, but they were no Babbitts. It is significant that, except for an Alma-Tadema and a Meissonier, both inconspicuously small, the Museum walls are happily free of the once famous and now almost forgotten 19th century academicians found in the Vanderbilt Mansion at Hyde Park, and dozens of other castles owned by the moguls. At the same time, the Tafts, who were coevals of Monet and Rodin, had no interest in the progressive painting and sculpture of their time: the only worthwhile contemporary work they acquired is an oil, *The Cobbler's Apprentice*, by a Kentucky neighbor, Frank Duveneck, a fine realistic piece painted in warm tones applied with a full brush.

Had they been born a half century later, they would have preferred the early, structural manner of Corot to the rather diffuse, hazy and somewhat sentimental landscapes. There might be fewer of the once overrated Barbizon painters, and also fewer of the 18th century English portraits. Nevertheless, the Museum is undeniably full of masterworks that will stand the test of time and the fickleness of taste. Any museum would be proud of the two marvellous Millers, particularly the one of a young careworn peasant woman holding her baby, a stirringly honest painting anticipating Kaethe Kollwitz. Other 19th century pictures worthy of a pilgrimage are: a *Fête Champêtre* by Monticelli, whose richness in tone and free brushwork has earned a recently revived interest; a strong portrait of Robert Louis Stevenson by Sargent, who was a fine artist when he did not stoop to mere flattery; a firmly modeled female portrait by Ingres; a romantic yet vigorous landscape by Bonington, who died too young to leave us much; and late Turners of the period in which he became more and more "abstract."

And who would forget Goya's *Queen Maria Luisa*? There was a court painter who did not conceal the vulgarity and lecherousness of his royal patrons! It is joined in the collection by a Rembrandt portrait of an elderly woman, done in 1642, in his most mature period.

The Taft Museum is also eminent for its collection of Chinese porcelain, of which there are 200 examples. Here, too, we are struck by the change in taste in the last 50 years. Collectors today seek out the very archaic porcelain of the Tang or Sung dynasties, certainly nothing newer than early Ming, pieces that are simple and austere in structure and



ABOVE: Queen Maria Luisa by Goya. TOP RIGHT: Robert Louis Stevenson by Sargent. BOTTOM RIGHT: center panel of a French 15th century triptych on The Crucifixion



decoration. The pre-World War I collectors, however, preferred China from the K'ang Hsi and Ch'ien Lung periods, late 17th and 18th century work so much imitated by the porcelain manufacturers of Germany and France. "Too pretty," one is inclined to say nowadays, yet with all its over-ornamentation there is still much originality and generally good taste. Among the finest specimens are some superb vases with grounds of green-black (*famille noire*).

In painted enamels, today's preference is also for the earlier, less elaborate, more "abstract" pieces. We therefore prefer the 15th century triptych, the Crucifixion in the center flanked by portraits of St. James and St. Catherine of Alexandria. Delicately drawn in bright colors, with touches of gold, it comes from the atelier of the mysterious "Monvaerni" master. The more sophisticated and technically accomplished work of Léonard Limosin (c. 1505—1576) is esthetically less convincing. Among the Museum's pieces by Limosin, or attributed to him, is a portrait of Pierre de Ronsard, who in his lifetime was acclaimed as the "prince of poets."

Probably the oldest of the Museum's nearly 600 pieces is a Virgin and Child group by a 14th century sculptor of the Ile de France. This 13-inch ivory illustrates the tendency, developing at that time among French sculptors, to strive for the expression of human rather than divine qualities in the representation of the Virgin, hence the Madonna's tender responsive attitude to the playful mood of the Christ Child.

Mr. Taft died in 1929, his wife two years later. In November 1932, the Museum was opened to the public. Its present director, Katherine Hanna, has been in charge since 1941. While the Taft Museum is a "closed" collection—no acquisitions are made, no donations accepted—her job is not an easy one. For the Museum is not a static affair. There are concerts for adults and for the young, there are many lectures, and there is enough extra space to stage special exhibitions. Before the summer, there will be one entitled "The Ohio River from Pittsburgh to Cairo," which will include paintings and lithographs by American artists of the past and the present.

Report from Holland *by Michel Seuphor*



Piet Mondrian: *L'arbre en fleur*, 1912. The Hague

Mondrian in The Hague, Five Americans in Amsterdam

One hears it said sometimes by people who have not visited Paris for 20 or 25 years that the atmosphere here has changed. Just recently Mark Tobey told me the same thing. I think it's an optical illusion. Mark Tobey was 35 years old the first time he came here and I imagine it's he who has changed. For me, Paris has the same age today as in 1925. It's a city full of excitement, crammed full of artists and intellectuals, abounding in intrigues: a city where there is too much of everything, but nevertheless a generous and hospitable city.

"Too much," however, does not mean "all." In the last ten years artistic activity has grown so much that Paris cannot absorb it all alone. There are artistic manifestations of first-rate importance taking place in Zurich, Brussels and Amsterdam; Paris is obliged to get along without them. Right now let us look at the Municipal Museum at The Hague.

The most interesting of their exhibitions is a remarkable retrospective showing of the works of Piet Mondrian: 129 of his works in ten rooms. The organization of the exhibition as a whole and the grouping of the canvases in each of the rooms is very well done. It is an exhibition full of surprises. The freshness of the room devoted to the Zeeland period (1908-1911) with its lightness of coloring is very striking after visiting the two small rooms where one finds paintings from earlier periods, when the painter used a much less lyrical palette. After the Zeeland room, another, very different in climate, shows the first influence of cubism. The colors become

darker, the singing somehow becomes more inward and one sees signs of the orthogonal style that is later to become an essential of neo-plasticism. On leaving the cubist room and entering the room with the *Abstractions of Trees* (1912-1913) one is struck by a new brightening of the palette and by a completely different treatment: the brush sketches continually cover but little of the canvas, leaving a white background. In the following rooms one can follow the development of various well-known themes—trees, the sea, scaffolding—into pure neo-plasticism, in a series of works that are now classics of the art of this century. There is also a room devoted to documentation, another to the *De Stijl* group whose spiritual leader Mondrian was, and a room set aside for technical analysis and copies of *Victory Boogie Woogie*, the unfinished canvas too fragile to be shipped from America. The catalogue is a first-rate document, containing reproductions of all the works exposed. There is also a new and unabridged edition of Mondrian's pamphlet *Neo-Plasticism*, published in Paris in 1920 and long unobtainable.

One cannot leave Holland without visiting the Amsterdam Municipal Museum where there are always interesting exhibitions. Right now there are six, all of them worthy of interest: Israeli art, five Americans in Europe, the Danish painter Mortensen, a large retrospective exhibition of Franz Marc, a group of works by Vieira da Silva, and an enormous room containing the sculpture of Germaine Richier.

Of the Israeli art I shall most remember a large composition by Joseph

Zaritzky, rich in pictorial elements that are used with complete freedom. Bezael Scharz and Mordechai Anson are excellent painters too: the first is an abstract lyricist similar to certain American painters; the second composes solid works that owe much to Klee and Kandinsky.

Much more significant, I thought, was the exhibition of five Americans in Europe. Their names are I. Alcopley, Oscar Chelimsky, Paul E. A. Fontaine, John H. Levee and B. Parker. Fontaine is the only one of the five that does not live in Paris. Each of the artists has a room of his own and is represented by enough works to permit an insight into the character that distinguishes him from the others—five strongly marked personalities. Though I personally prefer Alcopley and Chelimsky, I am much impressed by John Levee. His room is undoubtedly the most powerful of the five. He has understood wonderfully well Soulages' black graphism, and uses it with light ornaments. Levee is an excellent painter and is likely to have trouble only with the dangers inherent in talent itself: too great facility, too rapid success. Chelimsky has a nature apparently less rich, but certainly more human, more deeply sensitive. His art is plant-like, supple, light; it seems to glide over the canvas without penetrating it. In Levee's work all is authoritative gesture and clear-cut form, while in Chelimsky's paintings things float on a gentle breeze that intermingles everything and disturbs nothing.

As for Alcopley, his huge painting-collages have made a sensation in the Dutch press. I still prefer his drawings, surprising sample displays of graphism and calligraphy, but I must admit that the collages' adventure interests me. Alcopley takes freely painted canvases, cuts them into ribbons of varying length and pastes these ribbons vertically on large sheets of paper that have also been painted with long vertical stripes. By placing these sheets end-to-end the painter obtains elongated compositions whose effect is obviously quite surprising. One of these compositions is 18 feet high!

London

by William Gaunt

Among the private picture collections in Britain today, that of the late Walter Horace Samuel, second Viscount Bearsted (1882-1948) is outstanding for its beauty and magnificence, and now makes a splendid exhibition at the Whitechapel Art Gallery (open during April), which for any visitor to London well repays the journey by District Railway from Charing Cross to Aldgate East.

It is a personal collection. Walter Samuel inherited some pictures from

his father, the first Viscount—some 18th century English portraits and French genre pictures—but otherwise formed the remarkable gallery at his home, Upton House, Banbury, himself. He did not limit himself to one school—English, Dutch, Flemish, French, German, Italian and Spanish painters are all represented—but one feels a personal and esthetic choice throughout, as opposed to chance accumulation.

Possibly Samuel's interest in human beings (he was a noted philanthropist) accounts for the fact that there is little pure landscape—that these are pictures primarily of human beings, but there is a consistent appreciation also of the perfection of craft and of that element of feeling or perception which distinguishes the work acceptable and inspiring to the most modern eye from the "period" old master. A superb example of design, for instance, is the *Saint George and the Dragon* by that 15th century master of the Tyrolean School, Michael Pacher, which, apart from its subject, demands admiration in purely abstract terms. Joachim Patinir is at his best in *The Temptation*, where the typical, fantastic cliffs, richly blue-grey and painted with loving minuteness gain in effect from the small figures on their heights. The equestrian portrait of Francis I, ascribed to Jean Clouet, is superb in its jewelled finish of color, its pageantry. Yet this is a collection that includes such an "impressionist" surprise as *The Sermon*, attributed to Goya (though it has also been ascribed to the Spanish painter Eugenio Lucas), so dramatic in its light and shade, so precise, while being sketchy, in its rendering of the shadowy assembly; and such a wonderful evocation of 18th century London as Hogarth's picture of a riotous Covent Garden, *Morning*.

It can truly be said that many fa-

mous painters are here at their best, in works such as the *View of Venice* by Canaletto, unusually magnificent in its space and lighting, *The Death of the Virgin* by Pieter Brueghel, an incomparable example of monochrome suggesting color, the *Haymaker's; Late Afternoon* by George Stubbs, alike in its glow and the simplicity of its composition, an achievement it would be hard to match in his work.

Before he died, Vincent Bearsted presented the greater part of his collection and the house that contained it to the National Trust, now the guardian of so much of Britain's inheritance in art and architecture. The collection thus remains intact, a notable expression of modern taste in the choice of old pictures.

Chicago

by Allen S. Weller

Martyl is exhibiting a group of new paintings at the Feingarten Gallery (through April 20). The artist has recently returned from Spain, Portugal, and southern France, where she found in the architectural quality of the landscape and the organic and evolutionary forms within city streets and hill towns a whole series of active and workable motifs. This is a landscape style in the Cézanne tradition, sensitive and competent. There is a very sure understanding of space in all of these paintings, a generous and rich enjoyment of structure, with color and texture which may be enjoyed both as representation and as formal expression. Such a painting as *Afternoon in Lisbon* is a formal design of mature realization, but, in addition, a humanistic expression of heartwarming quality.

Another of Chicago's most prolific and imaginative resident painters, Margo Hoff, is showing her newest work at the Palmer House Galleries (through April 16). It is always a satisfaction to come into contact with the rich fund of themes, the variety of ideas, the unexpected modes of seeing, which her work embodies. This is a case (and a rare one in the art of our times) where technique is truly an instrument, a medium—not a master and not a struggle. It is not difficult to analyze the elements of Miss Hoff's very personal style—the flat decorative surfaces, the formal divisionism of color passages, the crisp feeling for shape and expressive pattern—but the freshness of the artist's vision, an unusual fund of unexpected subjects (or, better, the new character she gives to familiar themes), make the exhibition a deep pleasure.

The Art Institute has recently installed an imposing exhibition of Japanese prints (through April 17), finding that its own celebrated collection has allowed the show to be legitimately called one of masterpieces without

drawing upon additional sources. There are about 300 prints, representing every one of the great masters from the so-called primitives of the 17th century through the works of Hokusai and Hiroshige. The present generation of gallery visitors has never had the opportunity of seeing an exhibition of comparable scope and quality. The installation, designed by Charles Dornbusch, is in itself a masterpiece, and enhances to a rare degree the elegance and refinement of the material. There are gallery demonstrations of the print techniques employed, and, elsewhere in the museum, a supplementary exhibition of the sensitive and engrossing photographs of Japan by the late Werner Bischof.

Los Angeles

by Henry J. Seldis

Two one-man shows of considerable interest consist of the work by European-trained artists of decidedly different temperament and approach.

At the Paul Kantor Gallery early works by the German abstractionist Fritz Winter introduce this important artist to Los Angeles. The over-all impression is somber and inward-looking. It may not be amiss to read into it the melancholy of a free and sensitive artist embattled by the forces which were about to engulf his country in the thirties.

Winter's compositions are both intellectual and romantic. They are mostly dark, yet seem to project an inner brilliance and intensity, accentuated by their abstract and asymmetrical quality, which makes it hard to realize that they are the works of an artist at the beginning of his career, so drastically interrupted by his being called a "decadent," drawn into the German army and imprisoned in Siberia.

Clearly they show the influence of Kandinsky, and the best of them grow in attraction to the spectator with their subdued tone of warm earthen colors and sunny sky colors.

The early Winter works also reveal a penetrating mind and a turbulent psyche, and they are interesting historically as well as esthetically. Incandescent and individual, they seem contemporary as well as modern. The exhibition is an excellent introduction for us to the work of this important German painter.

* * *

Opening at the Landau Gallery on May 2, a one-man show by Yugoslavian-born James Pinto is a demonstration of his increasing skill and maturity as a sensitive artist who merges non-objective shapes with figural elements, never losing track of the

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Martyl: *Afternoon in Lisbon*. In Chicago



Books

Le musée imaginaire, c'est moi!

"DES BAS RELIEFS AUX GROTTES SACRÉES" by André Malraux. Text in French. Galerie de la Pleiade. \$11.00.

by Leo Steinberg

The opening of a new wing at the Museum without Walls is a gala event always. The more so since M. Malraux, curator of the said museum, is on hand to guide and point and rush us off our feet.

To his *Musée Imaginaire de la Sculpture Mondiale*, published in 1952 and devoted to free-standing sculpture, he now adds a second volume, *Des Bas Reliefs aux Grottes Sacrées*, dedicated exclusively to reliefs and drawing on the arts of Prehistory, the Ancient Near East, Classical Antiquity, Asia, Pre-Columbian America, Africa and the South Seas. A third volume on relief sculpture in the Christian world is in preparation.

The surpassing merit of the book is of course in the reproductions—in their number, excellence, choice and juxtaposition. Filing past like a triumphal march, they convey somehow a sense of Malraux's private fervor and fierce love of art. It is this quality which rightly kindles the enthusiasm of so many—while the scholar turns his collar up. Jealous of his option on the arts of the past, the modern art historian wants his objects laid out for objective scrutiny, not borne up on a cloud of rhetoric. What he wants out of art is knowledge, not redemption. He inclines to the detective's, not the lover's version. He wants facts and

only those hypotheses that fall from patient learning.

But we get little of either in the brief and breakneck text of Malraux. We find instead distinctions drawn which are quite likely to be obviated overleaf, and splendid, world-bestriding generalizations which remain proudly beyond proof. And when we find Malraux characterising the relief as a sculpture that is to be seen only from the front, and then proceeding to reproduce it from the side, we wonder what precisely it is we are reading. The answer is that it is table talk, brilliant, sparkling, fairly intoxicant, and quite out of vogue.

Malraux begins by defining the objective difference between sculpture in the round and all non-statuary sculpture. The statue, he says, is a symbol; the relief, a scene, a presentation of relationships. The one plays poem to the other's prose. Stated in material terms, the relief goes further than the statue in that its forms demand an illusory space beyond that of their own displacement, creating their own spatial frame. Furthermore, the relief presents itself, more like a painting, frontally. Whence it follows that the Laocoon group—since it meets the "frontal" but not the "spatial" condition—becomes for Malraux a high relief without a ground; and the marbles from the Parthenon pediments emerge as works shunted from one art to another by being loosened from their architraves and placed, free-standing, on a British floor.

Those who object to the liberties Malraux takes with his reproductions will do well to ponder this point. It is

quite true that he habitually crops old pictures into new designs, inflates the tiny to a monumental scale, or uses angle shots to contrive reckless variations on the theme of an original. But Malraux's point reminds us that comparable distortions have governed art appreciation in all ages. The work removed from its intended site, newly mounted and new-lit (to say nothing of the work restored), has always been a work turned out to look its best to a subsequent eye. And Malraux would argue, perhaps, that if one loves one's art one wants it always at its best, dressed in the fashion. In fact, we suspect at times that the author is carried away by the creative zeal of a great milliner at large in a seraglio.

Malraux, as nearly everybody knows, is the inventor of the phrase which Stuart Gilbert translates as the "Museum without Walls." The translation is inadequate in stressing merely the negative fact that this museum, unlike most, does not enlist ten tons of masonry to display one picture. For Malraux himself the *musée imaginaire* has more positive connotations. First, that it is a museum of his, Malraux's, imagination; second, that it has the perfection of real existence. His *musée imaginaire* is no longer an abstraction to describe a shift in our attitude to art; no, it is something which he administers like an expanding empire. He draws up its charters, issues edicts and makes annexations, and admits works and schools of art like citizens to the Pax Romana. The unwritten motto in the crest of his museum runs: *Le musée imaginaire, c'est moi.*

A Study of Géricault

"GERICAULT" by Klaus Berger. Translated by Winslow Ames. University of Kansas Press. \$7.00.

by Alfred Werner

It is not surprising that 130 years has had to pass since Géricault's death before a work about him in English has been made available. (Berger's *Géricault: Drawings and Watercolors*, published in 1946, while an excellent monograph, treats only a segment of the master's work.) Even in his own country Géricault was, for many decades, regarded as a minor contemporary of Delacroix. When he died, at

the age of 32, as a result of injuries suffered from a fall from a horse, the public remembered him only in connection with *The Raft of the Medusa*, a huge, realistically painted canvas, mercilessly blaming the Bourbon regime for a shocking maritime catastrophe. To this day most histories and textbooks confine themselves to a description of the scandal caused by this one unusual picture—as though Géricault had not left us hundreds of wonderful oils, thousands of drawings, lithographs and watercolors, and at least two pieces of sculpture.

Forty-three years after Géricault's death Charles Clément, in what remains the fullest study of the artist,

doubted his own adequacy to do justice "au génie du plus grand artiste de notre temps." Yet only in 1952, the year when the original version of Berger's volume was published in Vienna, a London critic reviewing an exhibition of Géricault dismissed the artist as a sensationalist and a pasticheur. Perhaps the present volume, scholarly and sober, will lead to the proper evaluation of this enigmatic man who, only in the last two or three decades, has been given his due place of honor in his native country.

Roger Fry regretted that it was not Géricault but Delacroix who reached a ripe old age. Professor Berger does not express any similar thought, but



Theodore Géricault: *Nude Study*. Metropolitan Museum of Art

he energetically rebuts the prevailing notion that Géricault, a few years older than Delacroix, was a mere forerunner of the latter. In fact, Géricault was not a Romantic but a Classicist, though one with astonishingly "modern" ideas on art and politics. His profligate, reckless way of living, narrated by Berger frankly without any lingering on details, was a rebellion against the stifling atmosphere of post-Napoleonic France. A more positive fruit of this revolt was his work.

In Paris the young boy learned less from his teacher, a follower of David, than from the Louvre, renamed Musée Napoleon, filled as it was with spoils from many countries: "Géricault is the first painter who found there an all-embracing opportunity for artistic schooling upon original works of the masters." He made many copies of old masters—free copies, revealing his own rapidly developing style. With his young friend Delacroix, he sketched wild beasts at the Jardin des Plantes. In Italy, he trembled before Michelangelo. In England, he was "intoxicated" by Constable landscapes.

Yet his was too powerful a personality to be overwhelmed by experiences and influences. This "young man from Rubens' kitchen," as he was nicknamed by fellow students, devel-

oped into an unorthodox realist, protected by his classical training and by his genius from ever losing himself in formless naturalism. His rebellion against the Davidian school was paralleled by his political nonconformity. In the fetid Restoration era he joined a group of malcontent intellectuals, who mourned the fall of Napoleon. He even made lithographs about Napoleon's army: "What a challenge to a period when the Bourbons ordained absolute silence about the very existence of the Emperor!"

Géricault loves to draw and paint the men and mounts of the cavalry. But as an artist he also turned to the hot issues of the day. The outrageous contrast between the rich and poor, the horrors of the slave trade, the Inquisition in Spain, abolished only in 1820—these found a fearless recorder in him who "did not shirk moral responsibility in a sound-proof ivory tower," as Professor Berger puts it. He even showed journalistic interest in a celebrated murder case—the gruesome Fualdès series is here reproduced in full for the first time—and, at the request of an alienist, he sketched patients in a Paris lunatic asylum.

Berger does not regard the *Medusa*, on which the artist worked for 16 months, his most important oil. In any

event, due to the bitumen content of some of the colors, that canvas is now in pretty bad shape, as can be seen by comparing a 19th century photograph with a detail photographed in 1950. But there is a great deal more to keep Géricault's glory alive. His paintings of running horses are unmatched in their reproduction of the animals' beauty and the sensation of motion.

It is regrettable that Professor Berger did not include in this monograph the essays and letters written by Géricault, and made only limited use of the other source material found in Courthion's *Géricault: raconte par lui-même et par ses amis*, for it may be long before another book on the master is likely to appear in English. Even so, one is grateful to Berger and the University of Kansas Press for the present book, with its short, but authoritative text, with chronology, bibliography, ample notes on the illustrations, and index. From now on, any American art lover, who still dismisses Géricault as a minor figure between Gros and Delacroix, will have no excuse for his ignorance. For on these pages, and in these very good illustrations, Géricault emerges as one who, despite the shortness of his life, achieved greatness through an expressive line and a rich symphonic color, and paved the way for Daumier and Toulouse-Lautrec.

Book Notes

"JEWISH CEREMONIAL ART" edited by Stephen S. Kayser. The Jewish Publication Society of America. \$3.00.

Resulting from the exhibition, "Art in the Hebrew Tradition," staged by the Metropolitan Museum in conjunction with the Jewish Museum of the Jewish Theological Seminary, this volume contains photographs of 185 Jewish ceremonial objects, together with complete descriptions of the objects and a comprehensive introduction by Stephen S. Kayser. It is a valuable guide to the history and appreciation of the ceremonial art objects used in synagogue and home.

"CAMBRIDGESHIRE" by Nikolaus Pevsner. Penguin Books. \$1.00.

This scholarly handbook is another installment of a comprehensive critical guide to the buildings of England. Dr. Pevsner here covers, with his customary thoroughness and perception, the architectural monuments of Cambridgeshire county, underscoring esthetic aspects rather than the usual travelogue commentary.

"A FOUNDATION FOR ART EDUCATION" by Manuel Barkan. Ronald Press. \$4.00.

Professor Barkan, head of the art education department in the School of Fine and Applied Arts at the Ohio State University, addresses himself here to the problems of art education for children. Although fundamentally a specialized study for professionals in the field, his book covers a wide area of esthetics and cultural history.

Films by Vernon Young

"From Renior to Picasso," a half-hour movie restricted until now to users of 16mm films, is being shown to public theater patrons. The film, awarded at Venice in 1950, is so brilliantly managed at the cinematic level that I may as well extol its patent virtues before entering my sincerely reluctant caveat of its limitations. Paul Haesaerts, writer and producer (one circular gives directorial credit to a Jean Van Raemdonck) sets out to define three tendencies of "modern" art, which he sees exemplified in Renoir, Seurat and Picasso, as *sensual, intellectual and emotional*. For this purpose, he employs a split-screen, dissolves and animates drawing to underscore details of comparison. His narrative, thesis apart, is well written (if heavily spoken) and André Souris' music personifies tactfully and well, especially where the cooler orchestration for Seurat gives way to a surge of organ music for an illustration of Picasso in an apocalyptic mood. By distinguishing what is basically distinguishable and connecting where connection is plausible, this essay in comparative criticism no doubt breaks down barriers raised by intransigent audience members against the subject of all contemporary painting, by showing them a few of the kindred problems. At some point Haesaerts begins to qualify the exclusiveness of his categories—Renoir had intellectual moments, too, and Cézanne was a synthesis—but the more he qualifies, the more he tempts mystification, ending with an indirect apology for having perhaps implied that Picasso was any less animated than Renoir by "the joy of life." (This irrelevancy is a result of buttering the simple-minded in advance, the more regrettable because the film's method on the whole is agreeably stimulating.)

Haesaerts' premises raise questions more urgent than rhetorical. The sense-mind-emotion triangulation (I once had a professor who said everything in literature was either sex or war): isn't it so broad as to be meaningless? Does it help to claim that the sensual strain derives from the Greeks, the intellectual from the Egyptians, the emotional from—and here the author gropes for an adequate term—"other sources"? Is there any conceivably fruitful connection between Renoir and the Greeks other than that they both liked nude bodies? Surely the Greek artist sought to establish bodies *in relief and in the round*, independent of nature, decisively, un-mysteriously, if ideally, human (i.e. civic); whereas

Renoir, who may be said to have detoured through the Italians and Rubens for a speaking acquaintance with the Classical spirit, everywhere and progressively interfused his figures with the circumambient world. His mastery lay not in wresting forms from a void but in filling a void with textures: flesh, light, hair, leaves and material consorting . . . Again, Seurat: a good choice of "intellectual" painter, easier for demonstration than Manet or Degas. But Egyptian art as his spiritual provenance? Is preoccupation with essential form *really* the same thing in post-Impressionism as it was for the Egyptian, whose linearity was in the service of the architectural?

Picasso is in a way simpler to deal with; his career has been so incredibly various, moody, and absolute in its rejections, the summarizer is not obliged to account for him with a single source of ingress. If it would be silly to define him at any stage by the one word, "sensual," with justice you could point out drawings or paintings which either "emotional" or "intellectual" would fit. And Haesaert analyzes more flexibly here, without slighting Picasso's tenderness or his anguish. But elsewhere he does slight many of the forces and intentions that molded the personal talents. He slights Renoir's abiding research for the atmospheric harmony of natural forms; he ignores Seurat's respect for the Impressionists, his relation to theories of materialism and the brevity of his life-span; he ignores flagrantly the fact (of more than incidental value?) that Picasso is Spanish. Agreed, everything can't be said (even at fast-shutter speed) in 32 minutes, but if the *essential* isn't said, the purpose hasn't been pursued. There is enough loose art-lecturing for the masses, so that when an opportunity such as this arises, everything that is not centripetal to the artist's *raison d'être* should be dispensed with.

The radical deficiency of the film, sponsoring the other simplifications, is the fact that it's in black and white. Without color, how can you see what Renoir was ineffably, but with real paint from a real tube, doing? How can you appreciate that muted shimmer of Seurat's figures behind a veil of sun-dusted atoms? And how can you feel the strength, in turn, of Picasso's melancholy, his violence, his detached pensiveness and his controlled panic without, as instances, the blues, the reds-and-greens, the ambers and the black-grey-and-white of the respective palettes that expressed these states?



The mime Nemoto Kusazari Biki in a scene from "The Impostor"

"The Impostor," which the above film accompanied at its opening (two among the prodigal releases of Brandon Films, Inc., 200 W. 57th), is a Japanese feature which it will take no special gift to observe is not in the same celestial circle as "Rashomon," "Ugetsu" and "The Gate of Hell." If I am not mistaken (and I could easily be) this film has more of the unrefined qualities of popular Kabuki (the clowning servants, for example, have a tedious prominence otherwise unaccountable). It may well be a "routine" Japanese movie but I, for one, am not yet sufficiently blasé about Japanese films to belittle it from such an inference. Adapted from a best-selling historical novel, the story is comparable to our Western picaresque romances (cf. Dumas) and to Burton's "Arabian Nights"—false royal claimant, intrepid hero, impersonation and counterplots—but what places it beyond the amused indulgence with which we treat our own product (particularly our cinema versions) is, of course, the superb style in which, for the most part, it is performed. Even in this film, where there is nothing of the photographic beauty of the Daiei productions and nothing of the psychological interior, there is none the less a complete identification of the principals with their traditional roles, a vehemence of make-believe refreshing to watch. The swordplay, of Miss Chikako Miyagi especially, as the picture rises to its "unmasking" climax, is alone worth one's attendance; it is pure rousing ballet. As an introduction to Japanese film, "The Impostor" should prove enthralling. To invite comparison with the sovereign examples we've seen would be uncharitably exacting.

Music: New York Notes *by James Lyons*

Jam sessions are getting to be the rule at Carnegie Hall on those weekends when the Philharmonic is not around. But that old hepcat Dimitri Mitropoulos really moved in on the shorthair set with Rolf Liebermann's *Concerto for Jazzband and Symphony Orchestra*. The Sauter-Finegan crew in flaming red coats yet, joined the more soberly attired host ensemble for this first New York performance. As music the piece is horrible proof of the schism that separates the concert hall and the dance hall these days. Remembering the reaper tempest stirred up by Henry Pleasants' angry little book, in which he insisted, among other extraordinary claims, that jazz is the only modern music, it occurred to me that readers of either extreme persuasion in the controversy could derive no comfort at all from Liebermann's ungrateful mingling of the serious and popular idioms. The work is constructed along strict 12-tone lines, with the *Concertino* and *ripieni* throwing the row back and forth and nowhere getting together on it except in a crazy mock-mambo at the end. So saying, of course, the *Concerto* must be adjudged not as a concerto, or even as a concerto grosso, but rather as a sort of musical checkers match in which the listener finds his attention fixed now on the one side, now on the other. I see no point whatever in this alternation of forces. After the thematic scheme is articulated there are eight contrasting sections before the final whing-ding, but the contrasts achieved are purely superficial. The jump, boogie-woogie and blues *genres* are evoked in turn, with the free-wheelers playing in common time while the ritornel struggles with complex meters. But the free-wheelers never do get any chance to let loose on their own, except for a few minutes when the combo drummer is invited to ad lib. I say that jazz doesn't have a fair shake because written-out jazz simply is not jazz anyway, by definition. Whatever the merits of this proposition, I must add that the exhibition of virtuosity by all hands was "gone" by the most stringent standards, cool or classical; Mitropoulos obviously had rehearsed his own boys and the visitors to the last off-beat accent. As a sonic experience, consequently, the *Concerto* can be set down as a dazzler. But the fascinating notion that calibrated non-atonality or any other compositional style can be miscible with improvisation remains untested, and the five blocks between 52nd and 57th streets still are the shortest possible distance between two worlds.

Come to think of it, the recently deceased Charles Ives was infinitely more successful in fusing indigenous elements with formal imperatives, and

why is his music neglected now that, in having died, he has fulfilled the first requirement of artistic immortality? There is no logic in these matters. The final concert in the current Symphony of the Air series gave New Yorkers an opportunity to hear his wonderfully transparent *Third Symphony* under excellent conditions, and I for one was impressed anew with the virtues that make it one of the surpassing testaments in symphonic literature. Leon Barzin, who conducted with his wonted acrobatic skill, had shepherded his own forces at City Center through Balanchine's *Ivesiana* only the evening before, which probably entitled him to the distinction of having presented a more sizable sampling of this composer's works than anyone ever vouchsafed us in a two-day period. All credit to him. Now that Henry and Sidney Cowell have turned out a book about Ives and his music, presumably a few more conductors will be climbing on the bandwagon. In years past Leonard Bernstein, Walter Hendl and even Antal Dorati have done their little bit, but somehow the inevitable vogue has been late in coming. In music, it would seem, the more cosmic particles have to wait.

While we are treating with injustice, a word about Berlioz. With other segments of the Manhattan press I went up to Boston for the first American performance of *The Trojans*, and altogether I had a perfectly enchanting time. In its original state the work is too long for repertory purposes—

something like three and a half hours, not counting intermissions. Boris Goldovsky boldly took a scissors to the score, which was all right by me because there is no sense in being a purist when that will surely keep the show off the boards permanently. Besides, the libretto covers far too much dramatic territory to encompass adequately in a sitting, if that will not be deemed a heretical rationalization. And so, even as I despaired over the excision of the Laocoon chorus, even as I felt for Cassandra in her love for Choroebus (who was simply dropped out of the plot), and even as I sorely missed the aria *Chers Tyriens*, not to mention the big spectacle scenes that had to go, I was willing to forgive these transgressions on two conditions as follows: (1) that the Boston production would give all comers a fair idea of the opera's manifest greatness, and (2) that the Metropolitan would recognize what a good thing it has been missing and would at once proceed, at long last, to explore the possibilities of mounting *The Trojans* in whole or in part at the Diamond Horseshoe. The first condition was met handily, as far as I am concerned, with enough real singing by Maraquita Moll, Eunice Alberts, Mildred Allen, John King and John McCollum, to make it clear that an authentic masterpiece of the lyric stage was on display. Goldovsky's beat made me dizzy but the pit orchestra followed it without dropping any notes anywhere, although

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"Orfeo ed Euridice" at the Metropolitan Opera



Fortnight in Review



An exhibition by the Italian painter Afro (see cover) will be held at the Catherine Viviano Gallery from April 25 to May 21. The show, which includes *Ragazzo col tecchino* (above), features recent works. Commenting on these latest paintings, the critic Lionello Venturi declares that they appear "to be superior to those of the past because of a freer touch, a fuller harmony, and a richer color." In a forthcoming issue, ARTS DIGEST will publish a critical profile of Afro by Dore Ashton.

Van Gogh

For all the color reproductions in Sunday magazine sections, paper-back editions, and bourgeois living rooms, the work of Van Gogh—even spread this large (79 paintings and 31 drawings)—somehow retains its overwhelming emotional and visual vitality. Assisted by the inclusion of many works from private collections never before exhibited here, one can again trace the master's pathetically short and breathless development from the early Dutch works, with their moral, indeed religious, overtones of the veneration of factory workers, peasants, and humble objects; through the disciplining impact of French impressionism, with its discovery for Van Gogh of a luminous world of color and the mysterious natural forces which lay behind sun, earth, foliage; to the final, visionary years in Saint-Rémy, where the coloristic freedom and stippled technique gained by his impressionist experience are wedded to the introverted, brooding flavor of the early works and synthesized into those anguished, fiery scenes in which man and nature are united into one writhing, cosmic turmoil. Above all, one is struck once more by the deep humanity which penetrates all these paintings, so much so that a picture of old shoes or a chair is drenched with the sense of tragedy, or even a still life (how wrong this expression sounds for Van Gogh!) of sunflowers seems to symbolize the cycle of life and death as forcefully as the bursting energies of *Mother Roulin with Baby*.

Of the particular opportunities offered by this show, one should mention the revealing study after an angel by Rembrandt, where the radiating light encircling the head is curiously analogous to Van Gogh's mystical images of the sun; the presence of not only two versions of *La Bercense*, but also two of *L'Arlésienne* and *Mlle. Ravoux* (here one wishes these pairs had been hung side by side); or such a striking work as *The Novel Reader*, which seems to prefigure the Fauve Matisse in its broad, simple

forms and heavy contours. Nor should one neglect the array of drawings, often more tranquil and controlled (even in the last years) than the paintings, and thus, to some tastes, more satisfying. (Wildenstein, to April 30.)—R.R.

Jan Muller

An artist who until recently concealed his subject, usually figures, in a checkered maze of brightly colored squares, Jan Muller has now allowed the essentially romantic nature of his vision to blossom forth in his new paintings. Although he retains the gridlike construction of horizontal and vertical, and still constructs the landscape portion of his compositions partially of the familiar red and yellow squares, he has populated them with robust marble-white nudes in turbulent bacchanalian scenes and solitary equestrian figures. The combination of order, the stability lent by horizontal bands of color and the rigid tree trunks at careful intervals, and the violently painted figures in poses of voluptuous ease or chaotic struggle is a strange and disharmonious one, yet because of the artist's infallible sense of composition and knowing use of color, the tensions generated by these contrasts result ultimately in balance.

The intensity which Muller sustains even in his largest canvases is present equally in the small works, the glowing little landscapes, the variations of the white horse and dark rider and the deceptively naive flower pieces. The poetic, nostalgic flavor of the subject matter, the expressive power with which it is rendered and the incontrovertible ability of the artist make this a particularly rewarding show. (Hansa, to May 1.)—M.S.

Vincent Van Gogh: *Peasant at Work*



French Drawings and Watercolors

In this well-selected show there are many visually and historically intriguing works. There are, for example, the relatively rare pencil drawings of two impressionist masters, Cassatt and Pissarro, somewhat fumbling and tentative by comparison with the technically brilliant figures studies of Renoir and Seurat (who is especially well represented by an Ingresque nude and a tranquil, luminous standing woman). Consider, too, the witty and brisk ink drawing of a boulevard scene by Marquet, a Fauve repeat of the comparably loose and casual group by Boudin, or the minor cubist variations of Severini and Lhote. And by way of contrast to the generally objective tenor of the exhibition, there are two particularly rich bits of fantastic imagery by Redon and de Chirico. (Hartert, to April 30.)—R.R.

Rudolf Ray

A Klee-like response to color, texture, and the suggestive qualities of abstract forms is conspicuous in all of Ray's work. Such is the case in his fascinating portrait studies, where a scribbly, delicate line gradually dissolves the image into a veiled, mysterious blur of color. Similarly high imaginative powers are apparent in the larger paintings. There is, for one, *Deep Sleep*, with its dense purples and greens and heavy, somnolent forms; or *Joyous Bride*, with its tingling coloristic exuberance muted by an intricate linear network; or, perhaps most stunning, *On and On*, with its thick, rubbly textures, its fine modulations of white and black, and its complex scaffolding of verticals and horizontals. Here, as elsewhere, Ray's work is informed with a mystic almost Oriental symbolic quality which is happily realized in pictorial terms of unusual sensibility and refinement. (Wildard, to April 30.)—R.R.



Anne Ryan: No. 16, 1951

Anne Ryan Memorial

Commemorating Anne Ryan's death a year ago, this memorial exhibition includes a large number of her collages, many of them loaned for the show, and a group of the oil paintings which she began to do during the last years of her life. Stretching in a continuous line around three walls of one gallery are nearly 50 of the small collages, an array which could conceivably be formidable, but in the case of this artist is a delight, and also serves to illustrate the constant invention which brought freshness to each new work, never allowing mechanical repetition or development of formulas. One marvels anew at the richness of variation in the juxtaposition of textures, the differing qualities of line obtained from the edges of the cloth, the effects of crumpling and varying degrees of overlapping, the delicacy with which the scraps are placed and the wonderfully feminine understanding of materials and their use.

Respect for the artist as a colorist also increases with this exhibition, for in addition to the collages in low-keyed, subtly modulated tones, there are works in brilliant color which are skillfully organized and modified when necessary by adjacent strips of related hue. The large collages are also handsome and effective, but lack the intentness and appropriate scale of the smaller ones. It is surely by the latter that Anne Ryan will be remembered by those who may someday assign her a position as secure as Kurt Schwitters'. (Parsons, to April 23.) —M.S.

Kirchner

The oeuvre of the German expressionist Ernst L. Kirchner is well illustrated in this exhibition of Mrs. Heinz Schutz' collection of his work. If Edvard Munch's influence is felt throughout the whole showing, it was still undoubtedly Cézanne's rejection of the "time-of-day" flimsiness of late impressionism that opened the eyes of German artists to the possibilities of pictorial architecture and the significance of pure color. Munch's influence is asserted in Kirchner's subjective approach, in his avoidance of naturalism, and in his adoption of any stylization of form, any arbitrary use of color,

that conveyed the inner significance of the subject. Even in the canvas, *Nollendorf Plaza*, soundness of architectural construction does not preclude the impression that the artist's absorption in his subject found a oneness with it. The figures in crayon, pencil and watercolor, radically subjective in their treatment of color, line and area, are not the presentations of natural forms but symbols of an inner life. A group of small watercolors and crayon drawings in their free-flowing patterns and syncopated rhythms seem especially characteristic of Kirchner's emotionally expressive attitude. He might be styled a pure expressionist, for he never deviated from his stated aim of "expressing experiences and emotions in large simple forms and clear colors," never being seduced, as many of the expressionist group were finally, into a closer contact with natural forms, tinged with romanticism. In the hand-colored wood cuts, the artist followed Munch's example of evolving a symbol of inner life in vigor of handling, physical appearance secondary to this subjective approach. It seems quite appropriate that in his later work, the artist paints not from life, but from imagination or memory. (Borgenicht, to April 16.) —M.B.

of the world above the dark plains below. The poetic objectivity of the onrushing stream between its rocky walls, or the almost lyrical ecstasy of *Lavender Hill with Green*, are one side of the medal. The cool austerity and intense concentration of the abstracted themes of the small doors and patios is the other side of the dual quality of an artist, who stands by herself in an unique potency of palette and conception. (Downtown, to April 23.) —M.B.

Marsden Hartley

These paintings are all from the post-abstract phase of Hartley's work, dating from 1927 to 1942, the year before his death. During this period the artist turned his back on the abstract style he had adopted in Europe and, focusing his attention on modest subjects drawn from his Maine surroundings, attempted to absorb his European discoveries into an American tradition of painting.

The still lifes from the late 1920s are still close to a form of cubism, particularly the *Still Life with Fans*. However, by 1935 all trace of cosmopolitanism is gone and each painting is an indigenous as homespun,



Georgia O'Keeffe: From the Plains, 1953

Georgia O'Keeffe

An exhibition of new paintings by Georgia O'Keeffe, executed in the past five years, forms an impressive record of her unusual talents unfolding in undiminished power. A tribute to her work by Alfred Barr, from his *Masters of Modern Art*, stresses her especial gifts of isolation and intensity. For whatever her subject, this artist seems always to isolate it from the labyrinthian complexities of our ordinary world, enclosing it in an aura of remoteness, which intensifies its essential qualities. Sometimes an opposition of incandescent colors, as in *Red Tree, Yellow Sky*, becomes an almost disturbing emotional experience. Again in the changing phases of the *Winter Cotton Woods* varying moods of nature seem to depend on slight divergencies of orientation, the inherent qualities of the trees untouched by these visual adjustments. Some of the earlier subjects are repeated here in added richness of conception. The first canvas, *From the Plains*, an upright struck out with flaming brilliance, the recent version a very large horizontal that becomes an almost appalling record of some cataclysmic involvement of the universe, with fiery tongues of fire in a lambent encircling

both in subject and style. Of the paintings in the show perhaps the best are *Peonies* of 1935, a masterpiece of solid construction, and *Off to the Bank* which is close to Ryder in the view of clouds as structural form and the dark outline of the ship against a less dark sky. An oversized compassionate portrait of Lincoln, and a small painting of a dead robin casting a sharp black shadow on the snow are melancholy works of his last years. (Rosenberg, to April 30.) —M.S.

James Kleege

The relation of James Kleege's sculpture to the two-dimensional art which he formerly practised is especially manifest in his earlier wire constructions which derive directly from the swift, looping, burin line like that in Hayter's prints (the artist studied and taught at Atelier 17). Still essentially linear, his more recent work reveals the development both of small refinements such as the variation of thicknesses, and the strengthening and simplification of structure. Kleege's training as a designer and his occupation as a teacher of architectural design show their influence in the clarity and precision of execution, the ingenious

arrangements and the sense of balance which demands that upward thrusting prongs be countered by similar downward thrusts.

The larger spiraling brass sculptures, *Duo Trace* and *Transfer* are characterized by rapid unarrested motion which spins itself out almost too quickly, but the upright pieces such as *Vertical Construction*, *Black* and *Nickel Silver* achieve a state of tension within stability which is more enduring in its impact. Of particular interest are the undulating brass constructions mounted on wood panels, the lines flowing in and out of the smoothly carved grooves, and the small organically suggestive *Prize* with its richness of texture and color. (Artists, to April 28.)—M.S.

John Hultberg

If there are evident experiments and vacillations in Hultberg's style, his canvases are nevertheless unified by their preoccupation with the nightmarish aspects of the contemporary world. At times, as in *Airport*, he exploits the possibilities of violent perspective foreshortening, so that an impenetrable black sky hovers over a dizzying rush of bleak, icy-white surrealist landscapes. On the other hand, he may work in a flatter vein, as in the ominous and menacing *Barricade*, where amorphous forms, gaping circles, electric greens and blues stare out at the spectator from a sea of murky blacks. And in the recent *Wings*, the continuity and coherence of the picture surface is even more firmly emphasized. All his works, however, are arresting, not only in the impact of their disquieting imagery, but in their intricate and fascinating manipulation of shapes and spaces. (Martha Jackson, to April 30.)—R.R.

Russell Twigg

Like transit-lined maps of cities, Russell Twigg's canvases are subdivided by intricate patterns of ridged lines traveling upon their surfaces. Varying in width, sanded to raise a dimensional texture, the linear mazes are containing bounds for areas of color, of run-through colors in counterpoint to the hues masses.

The paintings engage the observer pleasantly, like polite but interesting conversations: they are usually even in intensity, and the mellifluous lines, although tending to negate each other, as complex routes in space, are unified decoratively by the soft, harmoniously toned color. *Light Through Darkness* is outstanding in this show. (Grand Central Moderns, to April 21.)—S.F.

Lillian MacKendrick

In the tradition, perhaps, of Bonnard, the oils, pastels, and drawings of this artist are lyrical and highly personal and poetic pictures of a world of joyous color. Their design is challenging. To look at them can expel dark thoughts of a world in turmoil.

The reviewer, lately in Boston, asked a taxi driver to take him to the Boston Museum of Fine Arts. "Look at the Monets," said the driver. (This is literally true.) "They are windows to beauty." So are the MacKendrick paintings. Though beauty is not today the obsession of many artists, it is no harm to remember Keats. "Beauty is truth, truth beauty." (Feigl, to April 21.)—J.N.R.



William Brice: *Land Fracture*, 1954-55

William Brice

With imagination and insight William Brice has chosen subjects from ocean, rock and plant life to create paintings which are large in size but matched by the strength of their pictorial elements: semi-abstract forms which have scale and impact, relating to each other so as to project a sense of the ceaseless mobility of nature and its vital rhythmic flow.

If hints of certain phases of Braque are present, they seem parallel rather than eclectic; Brice, like the French artist, is a reflective painter who never lets his deeply responsive feelings run away with his expression; thought disciplines the intricacies of his forms toward a poetic synthesis. (Alan, to April 16.)—S.F.

Will Barnett

These bold and assertive canvases compel the spectator not only by virtue of their firm, simple patternings of shape and color, but by their subtle and evocative imagery. Thus, at their best, Barnett's ostensibly abstract forms, architectonically ordered along approximately vertical and horizontal axes, are eminently suggestive. Such is the case in *The City*, where densely interlocking forms, separated by a hair's breath, conjure up the sensation of crowded urban spaces permeated by tiny cracks of light; in *Fourth of July*, with its brash, holiday-like exuberance of red, white, and blue; or in *The Cave*, where there are hints of mysterious tracks and secret recesses. A series of small studies is at times even more rewarding than these large canvases, which occasionally appear oversized for their formal and imaginative content. (B. Schaefer, to April 30.)—R.R.

Contemporary French Still Lives

Many of the artists represented here are of the younger generation of French painters who have risen to prominence in the last few years. The shadow of Picasso hangs over several of them, especially the capable painter Claude Venard, who utilizes the stylistic mannerisms of Picasso without yet translating the influence into a personal creative viewpoint. Bernard Buffet's still lifes and interiors suffer somewhat from the same problem, although he imbues them with an individual and mysterious poetry. The most impressive artist in the show is one who looks the least "finished" both technically and conceptually. This is Bernard Lorjou, whose painting instincts reveal themselves in monumental studies. His *Le Buffet-Rouge* is composed with a reflective intensity, extremely sensitive to structure and space. André Marchand is an engaging artist who also has a personal point of view, as seen in his handsome still-life arrangements. Such artists as Bores, Clave and Lansky are also included in this homogeneous group. (Fine Arts Associates, to April 30.)—A.N.

Lon Chanukoff

Cut in various woods and polished into surface lustre, Lon Chanukoff's sculpture emphasizes elongations of form, simplifying details so as to create a flowing rhythm through each piece. Occasionally the flow is too easy: an arm or a hand, like a Dali melting watch, assumes a flaccidity which seems inconsistent with his wooden material. The oak *Caryatid* and *Cat* are among the most effective pieces here. (Coeval, to April 30.)—S.F.



Earl Kerkam: *Self-Portrait*, 1955



Juan Gris: *Composition au Journal*.

Modern French Painting

Early 1900 was an especially fertile period for French art as the plastic insights afforded by Cézanne's monumental discoveries opened up fresh creative horizons. The increasing intuitive awareness of the artist to his own individuality and subjectivity released such widely divergent visions as that of Chagall, full of fantasy and folklore, Soutine, in powerful expressionist eruptions, and Modigliani, a melancholy creator of exquisite nudes. The three are well represented in this exhibition which contains so many gems that it is difficult to single out any particular artist for special eulogy. Nevertheless, many will find great interest in an early Dufy, a somber oil in blues and greens hinting at things to come, or in a Vlaminck, neither Fauve-inspired nor romantic-expressionist, for in this fine landscape the artist looks to Cézanne. The searching, analytical cubism of Picasso's *Pipes, Tasse, Cafetière, Carafon* points the way to the more stylized and decorative forms in the handsome still life works of Gris (above) and Braque. A very sensitive figure painting by Pascin, a good early Utrillo, a gay and sprightly Miro as well as paintings by Léger, Rouault and Matisse provide a further picture of the vitality and brilliance of French art. (Perls, to April 23.)—A.N.



A. A. Shikler: *The Return Home*

Earl Kerkam

Limiting himself principally to self-portrait studies, Kerkam investigates with unusual perseverance and sensitivity those pictorial problems which involve the analysis of color and plane. As such, his faceted forms recall the researches of cubism, while his extreme awareness of color nuances reminds one of an impressionist's viewpoint. The combination of these two attitudes can be likened in part to the comparably restricted and delicate studies of Villon. This analogy, however, is inexact; for even in those self-portraits which seem most completely preoccupied with such formal matters as the definition of space through color and plane, a keen sense of intimacy and human personality emerges from behind his subtly textured and quietly luminous surfaces. (Egan, through April.)—R.R.

George Koskas

A small sampling from various stages of the non-objective work of Tunisian-born French painter, George Koskas, serves as his introduction to this country. The artist may divide a canvas into squares sprinkled with tiny blue dots and use a few bright colored strips and larger dots as a melodic line, or enclose a code-like array of dots and dashes within a trapezoid, or carefully arrange circles and lines on solid grounds of black or red, but whatever the solution, the impetus remains the same, that of creating discreet tensions and overt harmonies on a flat, rigidly bounded field of vision. (Rose Fried.)—M.S.

Gillian Jagger and Vito Giallo

The four paintings exhibited by Gillian G. Jagger have an aged and weathered appearance as if they were the result of prolonged exposure to the elements or the hazards of time. The phantom-like images elusively haunt each painting like the ghosts of former inhabitants lurking in a deserted house, conveying an eerie sensation of unseen presences in the room. Using battered canvas or a panel of old wood whose cracks and holes are incorporated into the design, the artist applies fragments of collage and layers of underpainting and sprays the surface with delicate flecks of color from an air brush creating bizarre textures and startlingly organic effects.

Vito Giallo establishes his own stereotypes in a series of drawings and paintings of glassy-eyed enigmatic countenances. These figures with their hunched shoulders, elongated noses and bow mouths appear to

have withdrawn from the world to dwell in the realms of inner fantasy or the private chambers of the insane. The execution is adroit, if extremely limited in scope. (Loft, to April 30.)—M.S.

A. A. Shikler

Theme exhibitions, once so frequent, are rare now, so that there is a provocative quality in an artist's devoting a whole exhibition to a rather grim subject like *Funeral In Brooklyn*, painted by A. A. Shikler. He is quoted as saying that he wished to record a "visual experience," but in his elaboration of detail in studies, he goes far deeper than mere observation. The epitome of the whole theme is a large canvas, showing mourners, huddled together in a rain-beaten group in a cemetery where the final preparations for interment are not completed. It constitutes an admirably arranged grouping, shadows and rainy reflections setting the dolorous key of the theme. In studies of detail, Shikler presents the character of the individual mourners, in penetrating analyses, yet with such objectivity that they become vividly real people in the settings of their homes as well as in their conventional attitudes of mourners. The artist's fluent brushing defines contours and builds up their enclosed forms. The sustained low key of all the paintings is subtly varied so that there is no impression of monotony in the exhibition. (Davis Galleries, to April 30.)—M.B.

Ella Grumbacher and Johannes Morton

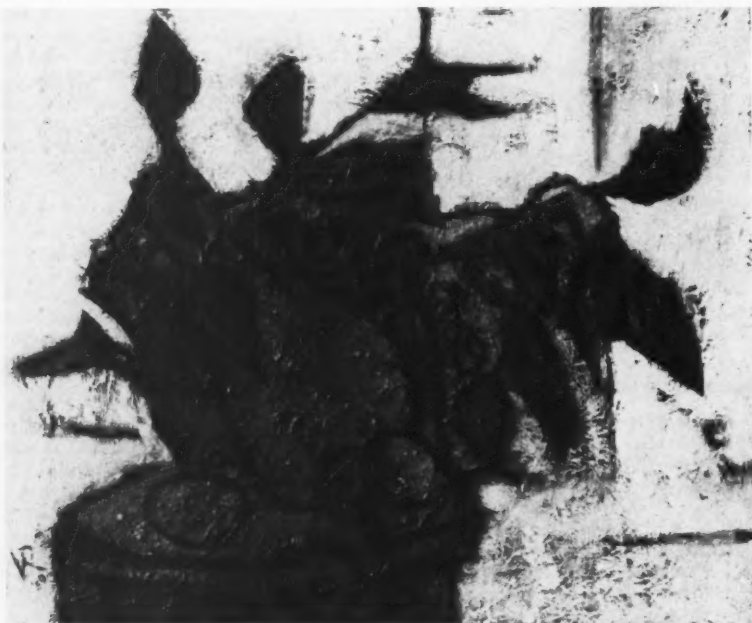
The "Chinese" paintings of Ella Grumbacher are rather superficial imitations of Chinese flower pieces in which the artist, although fastidious in her attention to detail and her painstaking re-rendering of blossoms and butterflies, fails to grasp the essential qualities of this mode of painting, the significance of the individual brush stroke, the nuances of placement, and the formalizing of nature through elimination and arrangement rather than literal rendition. The work is to be commended, however, for its delicacy and restraint and the faithful labors which the exact duplication of Chinese calligraphy must have entailed.

Landscapes of Denmark, Nova Scotia and the United States are the subject of Johannes Morton's small, finely detailed watercolors. These pastoral scenes are executed with skill and polish and may serve as pleasant reminiscences although otherwise lacking in visual interest or excitement. (Kottler, to April 23.)—M.S.

Victor Riesenfeld

The recently shown oils of Victor Riesenfeld seem to go through a divided process: his surfaces are first plastered, abstract expressionist style, with a many-directioned impasto stroked into a rough textured ground. Upon it are then drawn, with a dark line, relatively naturalistic outlines of figures or landscapes, these being glazed with harmonious tints of color which retain their luminosity over the heavy underlayers of pigment. The results are often engaging at first glance, but the arbitrary textural division in Riesenfeld's paintings tends toward a mannered approach rather than an integral combination of elements. His work appears to greater advantage when the underpainting is absorbed in the directional movements of the top strokes, as in *Rocky Cove* or in the beautifully realized *Waves and Rocks*, where line gives way to a broader handling. (Wildenstein.)

—S.F.



Victor Riesenfeld: *Still Life*

Jane Freilicher

The *chef d'oeuvre* of Jane Freilicher's exhibition of recent paintings is *Woman in Black*, a very large canvas on which is depicted an ivory-skinned young woman with black hair and dress, seated in a rattan chair, in a room which, because of the placement and moderate size of the figures seems vast and without limits. A harsh light seems to harden the outlines and deaden the color of the figure while a more diffuse light illumines the yellow draperies and surroundings. The enigmatic but intent expression of the woman, her awkward feet and the tension in her pose, and the restlessness of the expanding space give this painting a disturbing lack of equilibrium and ease. The same suggestive realism with its oddly slanted focus, pervades the other portraits and still lifes in which the artist makes use of multiple perspectives, passages of soft sketchy brushwork, and areas of startlingly bright color to give mobility and animation to her compositions. *Still Life*, *Calendulas*, with its richly patterned

fabric, and *Carnations*, a vase of delicate pink flowers on an upslanted blue table, are, together with *Seated Male Figure*, among the other notable works in a show which merits special attention. (Tibor de Nagy, to April 30.)—M.S.

Whimsical Animals

In an entertaining selection of pictures, Phil Drapkin's portraits of an elephant and of two roosters are in thick oils; "Buk" Ulreich composes the curvilinear shapes of horses into a pleasant black and white pattern; Pachita Crespi makes a play of horses and riders as a design of outlines in space called *Rodeo*. Nura's *Kittens* make an agreeable illustration. Her version of *The Cow That Jumped Over the Moon*, however, with its square and painted cow being regarded by the awed children has qualities of candor and naivete especially suitable to the nursery rhyme. (Crespi, to April 16.)—S.B.

Ivan Kurach

While this is his first one-man show in the U. S., Kurach is widely known in Europe as a painter, engraver, designer and teacher. The selection of oils in this exhibition show him to be an artist working in more than one painting direction. Some canvases are solidly conceived city studies, palette-knifed into simple, eloquent shapes, and others, completely abstract, approach form spontaneously, much in the manner of Kandinsky. Except for the two lovely, fragile flower pieces, reminding one of Redon, the works of this artist are almost always filled with a brooding melancholy. Such are the forlorn *Urban Scene*, with its grey city facades unrelieved by color or human figures, and the threatening *Citta-Noturna*. This somber emotionality is relieved somewhat in Kurach's imaginative abstractions, though even here the psychological need to create disquieting states persists. (Gallery 21, to April 21.)—A.N.

Johannes Schiefer

The flat, decorative paintings of Johannes Schiefer derive much of their impetus from the art of the Fauves, adopting the brilliant color and separation of line and color areas to stylized renditions of gay landscapes and still lifes and fanciful figures. The artist delineates his objects with multiple ribbon-like lines which run throughout the canvas with little variation in their wavering quality, giving a uniform effect to the whole without specific emphasis. Interesting chiefly in their derivation are two paintings after *Olympia* which would surely be even more horrifying to Manet than the original was to the critics of his own day. (New York Circulating Library of Paintings, to April 16.)—M.S.

Dick Stark

In pictures of strikingly horizontal format, Stark weds fragments of the American scene—a tennis match, a cluster of rowboats, a railroad bridge—to a sharp and vivid sense of flat patterning, so that at their best, his pictures offer the attractions of specific observations of everyday life together with a carefully controlled decorative order. The discretion of his color and asymmetrical balance is perhaps best observed in a handsome and witty collage, in which bits of ads are played off against the gray rubble of a dilapidated building, or in his line-up of football players whose variously colored hair offer bright accents to the generally muted palette. (Eggleston, to April 16.)—R.R.

Dorcas Draper

Such a serious, almost grim approach to an abstract form is manifest in the work of one who studied with Ozenfant, that geometric shapes, single or paired, are isolated in space and meticulously painted in small squares of greying tonalities. The full volume of a shape is stressed as though each were a portrait of a piece of sculpture. Interlocking horseshoe forms express tension with a directness which, though academic, has a certain strength. A serpentine slice in grey and green admits a suggestion of movement that is almost a relief from the total effect of competence and singleness of purpose in this first one-man show. (Van Dieman-Lilienfeld, to May 2.)—S.B.

Creative Graphic Workshop

Graphic work in a variety of styles, media and widely ranging degrees of proficiency may be seen in this heterogeneous exhibition. Among the prints deserving of special attention are Margaret Harris' etching, *Early Morning*, and her lithograph, *Naturalist*, with figures of a peculiar expressiveness, drawn in thin, mordant line, Tom Laidman's *Kobietta*, in which he achieves painterly effects in a figure bathed in yellow light, Danny Swerdloff's lumbering red nudes, in a monstrous parody of a bacchanal, and Ronald Josephs' well-organized lithograph *Bullfight*. Will Barnett exhibits several handsome prints, including *Child Alone* and *Child Among Thorns*, rich in color and tender and lyric in the treatment of subject. Robert Brouer achieves interesting if limited textural effects with pieces of cut-out fabric in a monotype, *Subway Train at Platform*, and Lily Michael's dainty rectilinear figures and Charles White's powerfully wrought head are also noteworthy. (Y.M.H.A.)—M.S.

Vera Andrus

Although her canvases are concerned primarily with the pictorial aspects of fishing inlets, fishermen's houses, boats, anchors and lobster markers, two of Vera Andrus' other subjects are among the most successful in this show: *Pigeon Hill Quarry* and *Blue Quarry*, composed with a forthright competence and painted with the patched harmonies of color which Cézanne has made so well known. The exhibition also includes black and white lithographs. (Argent, to April 30.)—S.F.

George Mueller

Consistent with its policy of introducing a new talent each year, the Borgenicht Gallery is holding a first one-man show of paintings by George Ludwig Mueller. The first impression that one receives from such an array of black canvases is of the irony of the impressionist decision that black was banished from the palette forever and a day. For Mueller's paintings are carried out on linen in casein, establishing a waxy surface of black, with a symbol usually appearing in the center of these ebon fields. Strange phosphorescent leakages, as it were, of radiance gleam through lighter textures of the heavy surfacing, relieving the overpowering monotony of stygian areas. The subjects have esoteric, cabalistic significations that seem naturally aligned to these sable depths. *Namena* suggests the Kantian philosophy of a purely intellectual intuition, the thing-in-itself, as distinguished from the thing as it appears to us. But without any such interpretations, the paintings may be enjoyed for their harmony of design, appropriate to their mysterious content. (Borgenicht, to April 16.)—M.B.

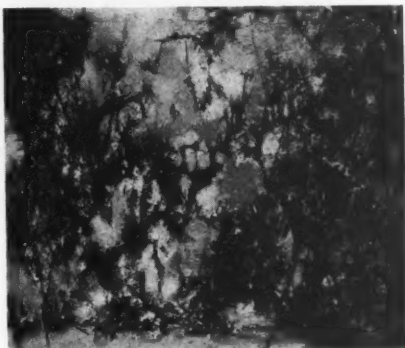


George Mueller: *From the Poet's Window*

City Center Group

Juried by Samuel Adler, Russel Cowles and Walter Murch, this group exhibition of 44 painters chosen from 200 entries, sustains a very high level. Unlike many of the past shows of the Center, which adopted a pretty fair sampling of all styles, this one is predominately abstract with but a few representational items. Many of these abstractions are impressive—especially Lillian Ross-Richman's vibrant and colorful *Chinatown's New Year*, Thelma Addison's spacious color-poem *Summer Dusk* and Ernest Smith's undulating and sensitive *Fragmen-*

tation. Other abstract painters evincing maturity of expression are: Jo Warner, Jules Olitsky, Gaylord Flory, Robert Cowan and Gertrude Martin. Willard White's powerful, decorative *Woman in Red Chair*, Adele Greeff's expressive *Still Life* and the *Edinburgh of Olivia Kahn* with its harmoniously related tonalities are among the better representational oils in the show. (City Center, to May 1.)—A.N.



Harry Crowley: *Theatric Landscape*

Harry Crowley

Those who complain that abstractions are too much alike should be mollified by Harry Crowley's current show. Each of Crowley's paintings speaks for itself as an expression of the artist's experience with one or another of nature's moods: a large *Night Bravura* in its massed ascending drift of blacks, lemon yellow and soft blue differs strongly from the sharper, more crackly forms of *Theatric Landscape*, almost seismographic in its linear rises and falls. Whether Crowley's forms be large and feathery or small, crisp and complex, they serve to translate the artist's response to natural reality into a pictorial equivalent which is imaginatively convincing and visually resonant. (Salpeter, to April 16.)—S.F.

Lester Gaba: "Paintings for Gourmets"

The apparition of these magnified fruits and vegetables is both arresting and a bit disquieting. Onions, eggplants, oranges, carrots are blown up to heroic proportions and placed with rigid symmetry against generally dark backgrounds. The effect is immediately striking and often, in the surrealist manner, a trifle uncanny, but the chicness of the idea tends to pall when repeated so often. Considering, too, that this supermarket is intended for gourmets, the results, despite the heavy paint surfaces, are distinctly un-mouthwatering in texture; nor can the inclusion of only common kitchen fare be conducive to whetting refined palates. Still, as pictures, they are clever and straightforwardly attractive. (Karnig, to April 16.)—R.R.

Julius Kramer

Although they become articulate through that undulant linearity which one associates with abstract expressionism, Kramer's paintings are spiritually closer to Cézanne's premise: they search for a formal structure that will express the artist's oneness with his natural environment. The difference is one of time and the changing concept of nature; where the French master contacted

the firmness and straightness of objects' contours to establish their definition, Kramer stresses, instead, their relativity. His cursive flow of line through space touches upon specific forms without stopping to define their separateness. And if, in the process, certain naturalistic identities are lost, new pictorial ideas emerge. (Four Directions, to April 30.)—S.F.

Lily Ente

Although this is the first time they have been seen in a one-man exhibition, the sculptures of Lily Ente have already won recognition in national shows. Deceptively simple in their outlines, these carvings in black marble and alabaster reveal on close examination hidden subtleties of contour more perceptible to the touch than to the eye. Each piece is a self-contained unit, a simple beautifully formed mass which does not concern itself with motion or incorporation of space, but invites the glance to travel over serene glossy surfaces flowing smoothly into one another. The artist finds her forms in nature, depicting sleek animals or tranquil figures or the gentle curve of a pink shell, simplifying as she works until only the essence of a form or gesture remains. These sculptures give the impression of being slowly evolved, through long and loving labor; what they lack in force and dramatic impact is compensated for by their organic coherence and the tenderness of sentiment they express. (Contemporary Arts, to April 29.)—M.S.

Charles McCall

Approaching no closer to the art of his own era than a distant kinship with Vuillard, this British artist is content to paint 19th century reminiscences, savoring the nostalgia for a secure and unharried Victorian London. The intimacy of his interiors is heightened by the use of perspectives which draw the observer into the scene; the warm tones, the unposed, preoccupied figures, the patterns of rugs and draperies, create an atmosphere of a private, sheltered world into which one is allowed an enticing glimpse. Even his outdoor views have an intimate quality; the quiet, old-world street, painted in small scale, the close-up detail of a market scene are self-contained within the canvas, with no visible exits or disturbing distances to mar the moment of leisurely contemplation. (Duveen-Graham, to April 23.)—M.S.

Charles McCall: *Studio Interior*



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Si Lewen: *April Shower*

Si Lewen

In his fourth show at this gallery Si Lewen has been concerned with transitions between day and night (or light and darkness), both in a literal and a symbolic sense. He prefers to juxtapose a series of panels to achieve cumulative images which, like single frames from a motion picture film, are spread out to present a synopsis of a pictorial sequence.

Some of Lewen's subject matter is genre (*Passing Storm*, with a before-and-after animation of a girl and umbrella), others have deeper implications (*Parade and Crucifixion*). All are interpreted in facets of beautifully controlled areas of paint, related, with hints of Feininger's precision, to certain phases which have risen out of cubism. (Roko, to April 20.)—S.F.

Charles Huffman

For some unfathomable reason, Charles Huffman paints all his paintings in the same insistent red. Given this initial limitation, the fact that the work holds as much interest as it does is a tribute to the young Indiana painter who makes his New York debut in this show. Within the impassive monotone of each canvas is an underlying turbulence of brushwork, the paint daubed on in gentle flickerings or loose restless strokes. Scratchy linear motifs shaded away from red toward brown suggest elusive atmospheric structures or whisperingly hint at the branches beneath the leaves or the skeleton beneath the flesh, but there is no real subject in this work other than the beautiful passages of paint itself. Firmer and less impressionistic is # 14 in which there is more differentiation in surface treatment, the glassy impenetrable area against the open freely brushed area, and more clearly defined shapes and even punctuating notes of another color in the series of sharp blue spikes. (Tanager, to April 21.)—M.S.

Biala

The work of the last two years is a record of the artist's travels, not only geographically, but also in technique. There are several of the bullfighting canvases which stood out in her last show as well as a number of landscapes, somewhat impressionist in style, which record her response to Spain's color and countryside, an Italian village; the downrush of a storm over a

hill town. There are several rather sober interiors and figure studies including a striking black-dominated interior with a stove. The most recent paintings, such as *The Pear Tree*, shows a loosening of line and a diminishing emphasis on the dramatic. (Stable, to April 23.)—L.G.

Nota Koslowsky

Meticulous paintings and drawings of Israel depict Palestinian landscapes in emerald green beneath hazy turquoise skies, revealing an unusually luxuriant verdure not found in most paintings of this arid land. There is no hint of struggle and unrest in the sunny and serene views of picturesque streets and mountainous coastal vistas, little suggestion of past or present hardship in the portraits of the inhabitants—it is all as inviting as a travel poster. (Contemporary Foreign Arts.)—M.S.

Henry Kallem

In his large cityscape, *Fragment of Manhattan*, Kallem uses a network of black lines which carry from the base of the canvas up into the white sky where they become a forest of smokestacks and TV antennae; notes of color are sounded and repeated in squares of varying size throughout the painting and detailed areas are interspersed with black ones to produce a soundly organized work. Emphasis on construction is not as apparent in the other paintings whose organization is chiefly in terms of color which the artist uses boldly at fullest intensity in multicolored skies and vivid yellow and red seas. Jagged explosions of fireworks and calm woods are treated with equal bombastic vigor in a purposeful attempt to infuse them with expressionist force. (Heller, to April 23.)—M.S.

Manhattan Gallery Group

A decorative and witty note in this group showing is struck by Peter Ostuni in the brilliantly glazed and controlled ceramic piece *The Horsemen*. Edith Bry betrays recognizable images in seemingly abstract mosaics, while Rose Kuper issues forth a fantasy of figure themes painted on glass. Among the canvases emanating vitality and authority are the expressionistic *Red Sky* and *Yellow Sky* by Seymour Tubis, Mary Heilom's *Interior*, an imaginative spatial

play of familiar shapes and Howard Baer's sensitively composed *The Dock*. Rounding out the exhibition are oils by Harold Black, George Habergritz, Dorothy Hoyt and an imposing watercolor by Robert Borgatta. (Y.M.H.A., to April 29.)—A.N.

Jansom

Recently shown, Jansom's first paintings in this country have a kinship in theme with the melancholy figures of Picasso's blue period. Their subjects are mute, pensive; bodies are thinned toward angularity. The faces, however, are rounder, heavier-featured and imbued with a latent virility which is accented by the paintings' color: although blues are nearly always present, they are toned toward warmth rather than coolness.

Jansom depends first on an assured black-line draughtsmanship which underscores the design of his canvas while defining the naturalistic attributes of his figures. These are interestingly modelled in dark and light tonalities of color and heightened through sensitive textural manipulations of pigment which reveal this painter's technical gifts. (Galerie Hervé.)—S.F.

Sylvia Newburn

These delicate and feminine watercolors, rendered with a sponge, are decorative, abstracted interpretations of Mexico. Their impressionistic color-spatterings, animating amorphous forms, are occasionally cast into greater tangibility by the injection of geometrical forms or intimated subject-matter. Beyond the charm of gay, translucent color, these works have little substance. (Morris, to April 30.)—A.N.



Robert Freiman: *Ghent*

Robert Freiman

The large exhibition of watercolors painted by Robert Freiman during a recent extended trip through Europe includes both faithful pictures of the many places he visited and a series of abstract works entitled *Specific Impressions*. The latter consist of groupings of fine black lines indicating direction and motion on thinly colored transparent grounds and seem more like studies or notes for paintings than finished products. It is in his impressionistic renderings of actual scenes that his greatest gifts lie. While the streets and landmarks he paints are easily recognizable and will summon many a happy recollection for continental visitors to detail to disrupt the freshness of his vision or to diminish the fine quality of his painting. Passages of lucid and delicate drawing distinguish the small sketches in ink and watercolor which include the especially lovely studies, *Neues Rathaus, Munich* and *Banhof, Cologne*. (Roerich, to April 28.)—M.S.

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Gallery 75 Group

It is Milton Avery's *Excursion*, an expansive, luminous abstraction of tranquil, floating forms, which dominates this generally lively and attractively installed show. Of the others, I would mention Joe Jones' beach scene, which treats oil like water color, using rapid, thin strokes and a nervous, delicate line to achieve an effect of breath and atmosphere; Lee Michelson's canvases, with their bright colors and warm, stippled textures; Flugelman's firm and sturdy views of industrial New York, which contrast with Floch's more lyrical and intimate interpretation of the urban scene; and Kanelba's colorful crowd of pushing, costumed children at a festival in Palma. (Gallery 75, to April 19.)—R.R.

Travel Interpretations

Among the most varied work shown at this gallery in some time, the recently exhibited paintings here were highlighted by Pachita's Crespi's richly color-patterned *San José*, and included semi-abstractions of Nantucket by Robert Kaupelis, portraits of Haitian and French poets by John McClellan and Charlotte Gregory, Italian scenes by Chris Williams, a tiny watercolor of a gondolier at work by Mary C. Yates, themes from other geographic areas by Phil Drapkin and George Feldman and a charmingly interpreted New Orleans shotgun wedding by Isadora Newman. (Crespi.)—S.F.

Charles A. Smith

Fabricating a chimerical world out of myriad fragmentary strokes of paint, Charles Smith creates shimmering landscapes and fantastic scenes, not specifically symbolic, but imbued with surrealist suggestivity. The paintings of richly flowered glades and shadowy grottos sheltering ruined cathedrals, populated by ominous birds and phantoms, draw their titles and evidently some of their inspiration from the poetry of Emily Dickinson, but any fundamental relationship between these elaborate and lavishly detailed visions and the private realm of the New England poet is not discernible.

Although this is his first New York show, the artist's work is by no means unknown, as it has appeared often in national exhibitions during the last ten years. Most spectacular are his technical achievements, the remarkable feats of painting visible in minutely textured surfaces and effects of permeating light out of which the image slowly evolves. All time and motion seem to be in dreamlike suspension in these canvases which offer an escape from rather than an intensification of reality. (Regina, to April 30.)—M.S.

Annette de Natalis

Paintings in a variety of styles—primitivism, abstraction and the romanticism of her Vlaminc-mannered still lifes—Annette De Natalis undoubtedly imparts strong pictorial qualities to her diverse creations. The abstractions are the weakest paintings in the show, quite overshadowed by the more knowledgeable flower and figure studies. The painting *Pitcher*, with its brilliant array of flowers singing against a white background, and the statuesque, dignified *Deacon* are the most resolved and interesting of her many interpretations. (Crespi, to May 7.)—A.N.

Edward Colker

A member of the faculty of the Philadelphia Museum School, Edward Colker has already received recognition for his prints which form a considerable part of the present show. Birds and plant forms predominate his subject matter, their shapes enfolded in rhythmic swirls of color which sweep the images into a fluid circling motion. Among the prints, which are of a uniformly high technical proficiency, *Man Feeding Birds* is particularly strong, with its vivid orange, yellow and black coloring and its complex, but coherent organization, while *Witches' Parade* is a playful linear etching of witches enjoying a lively gambol.

The paintings are less disciplined than the prints and their references to nature less exact, although the motivation of visual experience is always present. *Garden* in luxuriant color, painted with loose, soft brushstrokes and the large black and ochre *Fountains* are two of the most successful oils. Cool vaporous watercolors treat the same themes with delicate suggestivity. (Korman, to May 7.)—M.S.



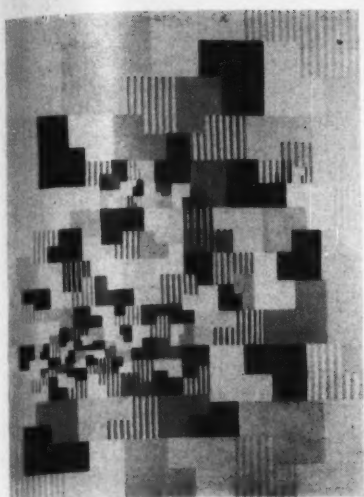
Edward Colker: *Fountains*

Morris Group

The new group exhibition at this gallery offers a varied collection of painting and sculpture featuring some of its regular exhibitors along with out-of-state artists. The scope of the show is wide, including various styles from abstraction to near-primitive depictions. Such paintings as *Interior*, a decorative and harmonious motif by A. Lazansky, analytical and forceful *Rhythms from a Head* by Beulah Stevenson and David Hadley's *City Illuminated by the Moon*, a gothic and romantic conception, all add vitality and a note of originality to the showing. Others who warrant looking at are Middleton, Mann, Green, Morse and Stanton. Sculpture pieces by Kallman, Merlis and Kline are denuded of artistic excitement by keeping to the illustrational and academic. (Morris, to April 16.)—A.N.

Ania Lukac

Graphically drawn trees in black and white and watercolors of flowers washed into softly hued, freely painted bouquets. (Wellons, to April 23.)—S.F.



A. R. Fleischmann: *Mid-Forties, N. Y.*

A. R. Fleischmann

The relational paintings of Fleischmann, if continuing the Mondrian tradition, are much too inventive and individual to mark him as a follower. The intricate variations of his conceptions and the intimacy of his color result in canvases endowed with their own particular look. Their geometrical shapes play in subtle drama against complex fields of slender, striated color, and are carefully structured into movements and counter-movements of classic purity and order.

Yet despite the intellectual severity of Fleischmann's formal means, he is capable of creating rich emotional statements and pictorial images having a strong foothold in the visual world. Thus the graduated color planes of the extremely beautiful *The Meadow* give rise to a space and color sensibility which draws upon landscape as its source. Occasionally his paintings are cubistically composed, though here again his personal vision invests this plastic idea with originality and freshness. (Rose Fried, to April 23.)—A.N.

Edward Zutrau

Abstract in viewpoint, Zutrau precariously balances clean-edged planes of flat colors along unstable, tilting pictorial axes. The results often combine a curious fussiness of detail with an over-all emptiness. In some works, his vocabulary switches from these precise shapes to the idiom of Kline or Still, as in *Dancer*, where the human image is transformed into coal black, rough areas which cut into a thick white background, or in a strikingly large and simple composition of black and red on white. The general effect of these canvases, however, is of an artistic personality which has not yet found its appropriate formal language. (Perdalm, to May 6.)—R.R.

Serigraph International

The 200 entries in this 16th International competition of the Serigraph Society naturally include examples of all the rich potentialities and dangers of the medium. Members from Norway, Sweden, England, Belgium, France and Japan have sent prints which, though not as technically advanced as the U.S. entries, have the advantage of simplicity. The winner of the first prize, the

Mary van Blarcom Memorial Award, was a severely linear and restrained composition by Harold Krisel of the U.S. The Marion Cunningham Memorial Prize went to Dorr Bothwell, an accomplished print maker from San Francisco. Birger Halling of Sweden won third place with a charming blue and black landscape of a moonlit forest. Ellen Michaud and M. Sherotsky received fourth and fifth place awards and the British artist, Alva, was given an Honorable Mention for his economical but richly treated abstraction.

A number of the prints from the northwest were outstanding, and the student group around Sister Mary Corita of Los Angeles is instantly recognizable because of the strength of her influence. In a show of this size it is unfair to single out a few for special mention, but Nancy Ransom's print of the Grand Canal was memorable for the sensitive handling of the medium, as were many others. (Serigraph Society, April 19-May 16.)—L.G.

Harold Mesa

Making a New York debut, this Philadelphia painter, who studied at the Barnes Foundation, exhibits abstract oils which deal generally with the motif of circle and line in varying juxtaposition. There is a certain inventiveness in the intricate arrangement of shapes and curious use of color, but the canvases are usually characterized by a chaotic dispersal of forms rather than the building up of relationships which give organization and strength to the whole. Only in *Dance Rhythms* is there an attempt to give a cumulative effect to the entire composition through the establishment of definite rhythmic patterns. There is a crude vigor in the handling of paint, but it is too rough and inexperienced to give eloquence to the artist's statement. (Panoras, May 9-21.)—M.S.

11 Painters and 1 Sculptor

Each of the eleven painters is represented by a group of canvases, thus offering more than the usual "sample" that most group shows afford. The sculptor Vladimir Isdebsky, a Russian who adopted the modern forms with the same wholeheartedness of his refugee compatriots in the 1920s, is showing for the first time in this country. His rudely powerful forms have been cut out to leave only the outline of angular, upright abstractions. In some pieces he uses half moons and circles in slim silhouette but the space they shape has less meaning than the rougher, more monumental work.

Among the painters it is experience which sets them apart, rather than direction. Avery, Okada, Kline and Miles have an assurance which the others lack. They are not necessarily more profound or even more personal, but certainly more skilled. The difference should give pause to Weinstein and Thomas, for instance, whose work shows an eager acceptance of what can be done with color in large, free areas or smudged, frenetic sweeps. These are methods which require far more control than they seem to realize; a deeper motive than personal release. The pure color of Jeanne Miles has a serious, serene quality, whereas Mr. Smith has misunderstood Mondrian completely. On the whole the show is a good example of the kind of painting, now well received, which can lead a young artist into a mire of deceptively limitless possibilities. (Riverside Museum, to April 24.)—L.G.

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Haynes Ownby

The surfaces of Haynes Ownby's oils, in this first one-man show, reveal the influence of this young painter's teacher, Hans Hofmann, but more strikingly manifest than their outer resemblance is the inner strength which they possess as their separate achievement: they have their own convincing reality, arrived at through Ownby's directly experienced transformation of nature into pictorial life. What these abstractions manage to do, beyond constructing an analysis of space relationships, is to imbue their depth with animated forces related to those of his themes. They have a warmth that approaches passion, and it is resolved into an organic concert of forms. In their own terms, these paintings work. (James, to May 7.)—S.F.

Meyer Lieberman and Zuny Maud

Remembered moments in the life of the Jewish community are the subject of Meyer Lieberman's small paintings in egg tempera, which are distinguished by fine workmanship and beautiful details of composition. His stunted figures hover between portrait and caricature somewhat in the manner of his teacher, Reginald Marsh, but the dignity and exactitude of delineation and the weight of tradition in which they are absorbed make Marsh seem flimsy by contrast. The artist is still in the initial phase of his career, yet his achievement bespeaks maturity.

Except for one plaster sculpture, *The Presser*, the work of Zuny Maud is on a diminutive scale. Each of his miniature carved figures is an attempt at characterization, not of an individual, but a type, as in the inflated, pompous *Member of the Congregation*. They are slowly wrought with gentleness and finesse. (Gallery G, April 18-May 9.)—M.S.

Terrain Group

A new gallery, the Terrain, is interesting in its approach to exhibitions: believing that beauty in art results from the unification of opposites, the gallery not only shows work which it considers pertinent to this position but also holds public discussions at regular intervals as an educational feature. The current group of artists here are, for the most part, well known exhibitors in other galleries, and this show, dominated by figurative forms, contains excellent examples of their work. Represented are Paul Mommer, Leonard Baskin, Larry Rivers, Peter Grippe, Calvin Albert, Mary Heisig, Joseph Li Marzi and Chaim and Dorothy Koppelman. (Terrain, to May 7.)—S.F.

Robert Beauchamp

Miró is the obvious progenitor of Beauchamp's painting, yet the bond is hardly stylistic, but rather one of kindred spirits, manifest in the playful invention and robust but poignant humor, the relation of the grotesque to the sad, and the lyric lack of restraint. Figures with bulging eyes, leering mouths, and diminutive awkward hands, at once pathetic and slightly monstrous, are formed of gaudy mosaics of colored daubs, either in silhouette against flat grounds or absorbed into an all-over maze of line and color. The strokes of paint are deliberately crude, almost abusive of the figures; the mood is sometimes one of childlike gaiety, sometimes that of a brutal joke; the color is garish, often sour,



Joe Lasker: *Grinding*

always effectively employed. (Tanager, April 22-May 12.)—M.S.

Joe Lasker

From the gouache *Class of June*, with its brilliantly heightened characterizations of faces ranged in the typical graduation pose, Lasker's subjective literary approach expands in large oils to incisive montages of impoverished people amid selected landmarks of *Naples and Rome*. Another aspect is reflected by *Memo and Grinding*, in which autobiographical symbols are juxtaposed (a tailor's scissors, a lonely child and Hebrew letters). What might be termed "intellectual protest" paintings describe, through the allegorical use of machine forms, *The Triumph of the Lie* and *The Softening-Up Process*.

An outstanding quality of his work is the ever-present sense of the relation of ideas and experience and monuments to human beings. The strength of the technique lies in the blending of effective color, accurate drawing and a complex use of space. The veracity of the art in his best pictures stems from a capacity for pity and an ability to convey in terms of naturalistic imagery the sensation that some meaning emanates from human suffering. (Kraushaar, to April 30.)—S.B.

Anne Brigadier

Vistas rather than views of Mediterranean cities (for the outlines are barely sketched over pale oil washes), still lifes of flowers, in which the forms are delicately suggested through variations in one color, give impressions of shades rather than substance in Anne Brigadier's widely travelled impressions. The fascinating, meandering lines of her drawing of *Firenze*, and the dark, simple statement of the arches of the Colosseum at night, show outstanding graphic qualities small in scale. (New Gallery, to April 30.)—S.B.

Riley Group

In this curious assortment, among which are 12 oils by one artist and one etching by another, are a few individual pictures of interest. The etching *Moor Claimed*, by Norma Morgan, brilliantly captures the tonal qualities of wind-wasted wood and land. René Sturbelle, a South American artist, in *Boats at Rest* and others, demonstrates an individual sense of the atmospheric qualities in patches of soft colors. (Riley, to April 16.)—S.B.

Los Angeles

Continued from page 15

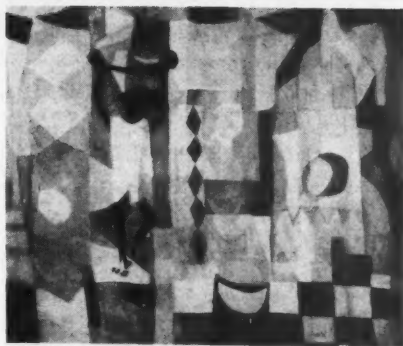
idea that paint, color and texture have priority over subject matter.

One finds here a delicacy of color and a deftness of design which makes for lyrical expressions, sometimes ephemeral, sometimes dynamic. His chromatic combinations are often unorthodox but they work.

If Pinto has gained in stature and in decisiveness it is through an innate respect for his medium and an understatement of pictorial ideas which give his canvases an emotional as well as a rational validity. While his style is a synthesis of many others, it is nevertheless distinctive and attractive. Lacking perhaps the profundity of Winter, Pinto exceeds as a maker of moods both exhilarating and meditative.

* * *

Three years after the death of Donald J. Bear, noted authority on American art and founding director of the Santa Barbara Museum of Art, the Donald Bear Endowment Fund Committee announces that it will hold a benefit sale of works by 30 prominent Los Angeles artists at the Los Angeles



James Pinto: *Summer Afternoon*

Art Association, May 6 to 18. Proceeds will go to the purchase of American art for the Santa Barbara Museum of Art. Works in the Donald Bear Endowment Fund Collection will be available for exhibition in art museums nationally. So far the fund has collected \$6,000 through the auction of works by artists of the Santa Barbara area and contributions by friends and colleagues of the popular Mr. Bear. Kenneth Ross, director of the Los Angeles Municipal Art Commission, is chairman of the endowment fund committee.

Nationwide Notes

Barbara Hepworth Retrospective

Carvings and drawings by the British sculptor Barbara Hepworth will be shown in a large exhibition opening at the Walker Art Center on April 15. Work done over a period of 17 years will be included in the exhibition, which will be shown in seven cities in the United States and Canada in 1955 and 1956. One of England's foremost contemporary artists, Barbara Hepworth was awarded one of the four second prizes in the International Sculpture Competition, "The Unknown Political Prisoner," in 1953. The present exhibition was arranged through the courtesy of the Martha Jackson Gallery in New York and will be the subject of an article by British critic Patrick Heron in the May 1 issue of ARTS DIGEST.

Fritz Wotruba Introduced to U. S.

Austrian sculptor Fritz Wotruba will be given his first American exhibition by Boston's Institute of Contemporary Art from April 23 to May 9. The exhibition, planned by the Institute's director, James S. Plaut, with Wotruba and the Austrian government, will consist of 30 major pieces of sculpture in stone and bronze, supplemented by a large number of drawings, and will travel to other museums in this country and Canada. Wotruba is Professor of Sculpture at the Municipal Art School in Vienna and is a leading figure in the arts in post-war Austria.

Japanese Prints at Yale Gallery

"Pictures of the Floating World: Three Centuries of Japanese Prints" is the title of an exhibition covering 300 years of Japanese printmaking, from 1655 to the present, currently on view at the Yale Art

Center (to April 24). The exhibition presents the history of Japanese printmaking as a unit, showing the rise, decline and contemporary renaissance of the print in Japan. The modern section of the show reveals the influence of such European artists as Picasso and Matisse on modern printmakers in Japan, while the historical section points up the deep-rooted artistic tradition in which contemporary artists work.

Prints in Cincinnati

An exhibition of 63 twentieth century prints by European and American artists will be on view at the Cincinnati Art Museum through April 30. Prints from the museum's collection are supplemented by loans from New York galleries, and the artists represented include Lyonel Feininger, Stanley Hayter, Lee Chesney, Dosamentes, Gottfried Honegger, Antonio Frasconi and other well-known contemporary printmakers.

Major Toulouse-Lautrec Show for Philadelphia

A large loan exhibition of paintings, drawings and prints by Toulouse-Lautrec will be shown at the Philadelphia Museum in the fall of 1955. From the Albi Museum in France will come 32 paintings and six drawings, which will be added to the large number of major works borrowed from museums and private collections in this country. A full set of the posters that have contributed so much to the artist's popularity will be included in the exhibition which will open on October 29 and continue until December 11. Arrangements for the show have been made in cooperation with the Art Institute of Chicago where it will be shown early in 1956.

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Louis XV salon suite covered in Royal Aubusson
tapestry, Louis XV red lacquer commode and silk
needlepoint rug; silver; French 18th century paint-
ings and drawings including works by Chardin,
Guardi, Robert, and others. From the collection of
Rudolphe, Prince de Faucigny-Lucinge and other
owners. Exhibition from April 16.

April 22, 10 A.M. O'Reilly's Plaza Art Galleries.
Diamond jewelry. Exhibition from April 19.

April 22, 12 noon. O'Reilly's Plaza Art Galleries.
Furnishings, including an interesting collection
from the William and Mary period. Also paintings
from the 19th century. Exhibition from April 19.

April 26, 1:45 and 8 P.M. Parke-Bernet Galleries.
Books, including first editions of European and
American classics of the 17th to 20th centuries.
From the collection of the late Saul Coho. Exhi-
bition from April 21.

April 28, 8 P.M. O'Reilly's Plaza Art Galleries.
Rare masks and sculptures from Africa and the
Pacific islands, also Picasso ceramics and French
graphics, including Braque, Picasso, Dufy, etc.
Exhibition from April 26.

April 29, 1 P.M. O'Reilly's Plaza Art Galleries.
Swedish and other modern furniture and deco-
rations. From Stockholm. Exhibition from April 26.

April 29 and 30, 1:45 P.M. Parke-Bernet Gal-
leries. English 18th century and American fur-
niture and decorations. Sporting paintings. Mezzotint
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Sisters at Work. Exhibition from April 23.

May 4, 8 P.M. Parke-Bernet Galleries. Old master
and 18th-19th century paintings and drawings.
Includes works by El Greco, Corelli, Bourguignon
and Inness; drawings by Canaletto and Guardi.
Exhibition from April 30.

May 6 and 7, 1:45 P.M. Parke-Bernet Galleries.
English furniture, paintings and decorations. From
the stock of Basil Dighton, Inc., 803 Madison
Avenue. Exhibition from April 30.

Soviet to Return Dresden Museum Art

More than 700 paintings belonging to the
collection of the Dresden Museum, which
were brought to Moscow by Soviet troops
toward the end of World War II, will be
sent back to East Germany this year. The
Soviet Government has announced that
before the paintings, which include Raphael's
Sistine Madonna and other famous
works, are returned to Germany, they will
be displayed to the Soviet public for the
first time in the Pushkin Museum in Mos-
cow during the spring and summer.

Music Continued from page 19

the dynamics tended to a dullness that misrepresented Berlioz to say the least. The second condition was perhaps asking too much, I decided on sober reflection.

This is not to excuse the Met from culpability in the neglect of certain worthy staples and novelties, but it does, after all, provide us with just about the richest operatic fare to be had anywhere in the world. It also provides the critical fraternity with a permanently available sitting duck, and I do not offer any high resolve to resist the normal temptations of the craft indefinitely. It so happens, however, that the press of other duties this season has prevented my observing any item in the current repertory more than once, so that I can afford more toleration than the scribes who have to go night after night. Last month I encountered only one real stinker—*Tosca*—and I knew in advance that the production was wretched so why bear a dead horse? The show I liked best was the revival, after 13 years, of *Orfeo*, which will have been heard by the millions in the radio audience on the

afternoon of April 9. Herbert Graf's staging was stark and stunning. Harry Horner's sets were handsome. Pierre Monteaux's conducting virtually eschewed the Dresden china delicacy that so often subverts baroque style. Zachary Solov's choreography was everywhere appropriate except in the closing scene, when it went pretentious, and his own dancing got awkward at the end, too. Alicia Markova was the very articulation of grace whenever she moved a muscle. Of the singing ladies, Risé Stevens was impressive if a bit uncomfortable with the low-lying tessitura of the leading male role, but she kept building up momentum all the way and her one big aria, *Che farò*, was the highlight of the third act. Vocally, Hilde Gueden was perfectly cast as Eurydice; her characterization was not in keeping with the tradition but except in *Ara-bella* I have not heard her soar so easily to such lovely heights. Roberta Peters was the Amor in the performance that I caught, and Laurel Hurley sang *Un ombra felice*. Miss Hurley will have relieved Miss Peters on the ninth, with Shakeh Vartenissian assuming the alternate soprano assignment.

Contemporary American Drawing Exhibition to be held at Museum of Modern Art

"Recent Drawings, U. S. A.," is the title of an exhibition open to artists working in all parts of the country which will be held at the Museum of Modern Art in the spring of 1956. The exhibition is sponsored by the Museum's Junior Council, who in 1951 organized the Young American Printmakers Exhibition from which 371 prints were sold while it was on view at the Museum in New York, and which was later circulated throughout the country.

For the purposes of the exhibition a drawing is defined as a work executed in black or one color on paper or paper substance. Each artist may submit from one to three drawings executed since January 1, 1950. Approximately 125 works will be selected to demonstrate recent directions in American drawing and to emphasize new talent. An illustrated catalogue will be issued and the selection will also be considered as a basis for an exhibition to be circulated by the Museum. All drawings submitted will be for sale and will be eligible for inclusion in the Art Lending Service sponsored by the Junior Council.

Entry cards, which are available now and must be returned by November 1, may be obtained by writing to: Junior Council Drawing Exhibition, Museum of Modern Art, 21 West 53rd Street, New York 19, N. Y.

1955 Boston Arts Festival

The Fourth Annual Boston Arts Festival will be held from June 5 to 19 in the Boston Public Garden. A major feature of the festival will be an exhibition of New England painting, sculpture, graphic arts and architecture, selected by jury. Approx-

mately 300 works will be displayed in specially designed tents in the gardens. There will also be a craft exhibition, accompanied by demonstrations of techniques, an exhibition of "100 Years of New England Painting" and a selection of contemporary European paintings. Carl Sandburg has been selected as the Festival Poet and will present a new work on the occasion of the Festival. Among the evening events will be several performances of a contemporary American drama and of a full length opera, a dance recital and an evening of contemporary music. The Festival is supported by the City of Boston, business contributions, and personal donations and all events are free to the public.

Who's News

Seven foreign artists have been elected Honorary Members of the American Academy and National Institute of Arts and Letters. They are: Walter de la Mare, Sir Jacob Epstein, Arthur Honegger, André Malraux, Jacques Maritain, André Dunoyer de Segonzac, and Albert Schweitzer . . . A. Everett Austin, Jr., director of the Ringling Museum, has been invited to participate in the First Congress of the International Academy of Ceramics which will be held at Cannes from June 21 to 25 . . . Mrs. Walter E. Weber, Supervisor of Education at the Newark Museum, has been appointed State Art Chairman of the New Jersey Congress of Parents and Teachers. Her aim in this new position will be to stimulate greater interest in creative art activities, not only in schools and institutions, but also in extra-curricular family participation in the home.

Abraham Rattner will conduct classes this summer at the East Hampton School of Fine Arts, from June 15 to September 4.

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Where to Show

National

Flushing, New York
25TH ANNUAL SPRING EXHIBITION, Art League of Long Island, May 15-21. Open to all artists. Media: oil, watercolor, pastel, caseins, prints, sculpture, ceramics. Fee: jury; prizes. Entry cards and work due: April 29. Write to Louise Gibala, Art League of Long Island, 149-16 41st Avenue, Flushing, N. Y.

Hyannis, Mass.
CAPE COD ART ASSOCIATION. Eighth season. Three summer exhibitions open to all artists. Paintings, sculpture. Membership fee: \$4. Prizes. Write to Mrs. Mary Walley, Secretary, Cape Cod Art Association, Hyannis, Mass.

Mahwah, New Jersey
ART PROJECT SPONSORED BY THE ART COUNCIL OF NEW JERSEY AND THE FORD MOTOR COMPANY, exhibition to be held at Mahwah Plant of Ford Motor Co. in 1956, dates to be announced. Open to all artists. All media; subject matter must bear directly on operations at the Ford Motor Co.'s assembly plant, Edgewater, N. J., or the plant now under construction at Mahwah, N. J. Participating artists must register with Art Council, which will arrange sketching dates. Fee: \$2. Juries; awards. Write to Art Council of New Jersey, Box 176, Ramsey, N. J.

New York, New York
FRESCO COMPETITION, auspices of the Margaret Blake Fellowship, Skowhegan School of Painting and Sculpture. Open to all artists, for the decoration in fresco of the ceiling of the South Solon Meeting House in South Solon, Maine. Prizes: \$150 and \$75. Closing date: May 10. Write to Skowhegan School, 2 West 14th St., New York 11, N. Y.

New York, New York
PAINTERS AND SCULPTORS SOCIETY OF NEW JERSEY, National Arts Club, N.Y.C., April 28-May 14. Open to all artists. Media: oil, watercolor, sculpture and graphics. Fee: \$5. (\$2 refund if not accepted.) Jury; prizes. Entry cards and work due: April 23. Write to Gertrude F. Smith, 37 Duncan Avenue, Jersey City, N. J.

West New York, New Jersey
THE NATIONAL ARTS CLUB, Painters and Sculptors Society of New Jersey, April 28-May 14. Open to all artists. Media: oil, watercolor, sculpture and graphics. Fee: \$5. (\$2 refund if not accepted.) Jury; prizes. Entry cards and work due: April 23. Write to Gertrude F. Smith, 37 Duncan Ave., Jersey City, N. J.

Regional

Baton Rouge, Louisiana
14TH ANNUAL LOUISIANA STATE ART EXHIBITION sponsored by the Louisiana Art Commission. September 11-Oct. 2 at the Louisiana Art Commission Galleries. Paintings, graphics, sculpture, ceramics, crafts. Open to all Louisiana artists. No fee. Jury, prizes. Entry cards and work due Sept. 2. For entry blanks and information write to Jay R. Broussard, Director, Louisiana Art Commission, Old State Capitol, Baton Rouge 2, La.

Chautauqua, New York
1955 TRI-STATE JURY SHOW. McKnight Memorial Hall, The Chautauqua Art Association. July 2-17. Open to artists born or resident in Ohio, Pennsylvania and New York. Media: oil and watercolor framed. Entry fee: \$3. Jury; Awards. Entry blanks due by May 8. Work received from July 1-17. Write Chautauqua Art Association, Furniture Manufacturers Building, 11 West 2nd St., Jamestown, N. Y.

Dallas, Texas
DALLAS COUNTY 26TH ANN. OF PAINTING & SCULPTURE, May 11-June 5. No fee. Jury; prizes. Entries due: May 4. Write to Dallas Museum of Fine Arts, Fair Park, Dallas 10, Texas.

Detroit, Michigan

MICHIGAN WATERCOLOR SOCIETY ANNUAL EXHIBITION, Detroit Art Institute, June 13-25. Open to Michigan artists. Two paintings may be submitted. Entry Fee: members, \$1.50 for painting. Work must be delivered by May 11. Write for application blank to Doris Warren, 14111 Steele, Detroit 27, Michigan.

Lenox, Massachusetts

SCULPTURE WORKSHOP EXHIBITION, August 1-August 10 in the Lenox Library Garden. Open to sculptors living in the Berkshires. Fee: \$3 per entry. Entry blank and work due July 10. Write to Franc Epping, The Sculpture Workshop, Cliffwood Street, Lenox, Mass.

Memphis, Tennessee

5TH MEMPHIS BIENNIAL, Dec. 2-25. Paintings, sculptures, graphic arts. Jury, prizes. Entry fee: \$2.00 per entry. Work due: Nov. 10. Members or residents of Arkansas, Mississippi, Tennessee eligible. Write to Louise B. Clark, Brooks Memorial Art Gallery, Overton Park, Memphis, Tennessee.

Norwalk, Connecticut

6TH ANNUAL NEW ENGLAND SHOW, Silvermine Guild of Artists, June 2-July 10. Open to artists born in New England or a resident therein for two months of the year. Media: oil, watercolor, casein, pastel, ceramics and sculpture. Fee: \$4. for two entries in any one medium. Entry cards and work due: May 13-16. Jury; prizes. Write to Revington Arthur, Silvermine Guild of Artists, Norwalk, Conn.

Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania

WESTERN PENNSYLVANIA SCULPTURE EXHIBITION, May 1-22. Open to artists within 100 mile radius of Pittsburgh. All permanent sculpture materials. One-man jury; cash awards, \$100 purchase prize. Entry Fee: \$2. Entry cards due April 16. Work due April 22. Write to Western Pennsylvania Sculpture Exhibition, Arts and Crafts Center, 5th and Shady Avenues, Pittsburgh 32, Pa.

Portland, Oregon

6TH ANNUAL EXHIBITION OF NORTHWEST CERAMICS, Oregon Ceramic Studio, May 13-June 11. Open to artists residing in British Columbia, Idaho, Montana, Oregon and Washington. Media: pottery, ceramic sculpture and enamel. Jury; prizes. Entries due: April 11-25. Write to Oregon Ceramic Studio, 3934 S. W. Corbett Ave., Portland 1, Oregon.

Sacramento, California

30TH ANNUAL EXHIBITION, Kingsley Art Club, May 18-June 26. Open to residents of the Central Valleys. Media: painting, drawing, prints, sculpture and crafts. Entries due May 6-7. Jury; prizes. Write to Mrs. George C. Brett, 2757 Curtis Way, Sacramento 11, California.

Sioux City, Iowa

SIoux CITY ART CENTER ANNUAL MAY SHOW, May 17-June 11. Oil Paintings only. Open to residents of Iowa, Nebraska, South Dakota and Minnesota. Entries and entry forms due May 1st. Jury. Prizes. No entry fee. Write David P. Skeggs, director, Sioux City Art Center, Commerce Building, Sioux City, Iowa.

South Bend, Indiana

3RD ANNUAL REGIONAL CERAMIC EXHIBITION, May 15-29. Open to residents and former residents of Indiana and Michigan within 100 mile radius of South Bend. Media: ceramics, ceramic sculpture and enameling. Jury; prizes. Fee: \$2. Entry cards due April 25; work due before May 1. Write South Bend Art Association, 620 West Washington Avenue, South Bend, Ind.

White Plains, New York

HUDSON VALLEY ART ASSOCIATION, 27th annual exhibition. County Center, White Plains, May 1-8. Media: oil, watercolor, sculpture and black and white. Open to artists in the Hudson Valley and vicinity. Jury; prizes. Fee: \$5. Entries due: April 28. Write to Cathy Altavater, 160-15 Powells Cove Blvd., Beechhurst, L. I., N. Y.

Youngstown, Ohio

20TH ANN. MID-YEAR SHOW, The Butler Institute of American Art, July 1-Labor Day. Open to artists in U. S. & territories. Media: oil & watercolor. Prizes: total \$5000. Entry fee. Jury. Work due: June 5. Write to the Secretary, Butler Institute of American Art, Youngstown 2, Ohio.

Calendar of Exhibitions

- ALBANY, N. Y.**
Inst. To Apr. 26: J. MacFarlane.
BALTIMORE, MD.
Md. Inst. Apr. 24-May 11: Teacher Artists.
Museum To Apr. 24: Haas; May Coll.
Walters To May 22: Liturgy & Arts.
BEVERLY HILLS, CALIF.
Perls To May: R. Lebrun.
Sing Fr. & Amer.
BIRMINGHAM, ALA.
Museum To Apr. 29: Art. Assoc. Ann'l.
BOSTON, MASS.
Brown To May 7: R. Wagner.
Cont. To May: Bahm; Georgenes.
Doll & Richards Apr. 25-May 7: T. Bernstein; Meyerowitz.
Inst. Cont. Apr. 23-May 29: F. Wotruba.
Mink To Apr. 25: B. Chaet.
Museum Perm. Coll.
Primitives Apr. 25-May 13: G. Quastler.
Wood To May: Group.
BUFFALO, N. Y.
Albright To May: Buffalo Soc.
CHARLOTTE, N. C.
Mint To Apr. 28: M. Sievan.
CHICAGO, ILL.
Art Inst. To May: Modigliani Drwgs.; To May 29: Rattner.
Arts Club To May 6: Prof. Mem. Ann'l.
Franklin To May: Younger Artists.
Ill. Inst. To May: Product Design.
Main To May: Toulouse Lautrec.
Oehlischlaeger Apr.: U. Romano.
Palmer Apr. 22-May 21: Beck Cer.; Tawney Tap.
CINCINNATI, OHIO
Museum To May 15: Kandinsky.
CLEVELAND, OHIO
Museum To Apr. 24: Horticultural Motifs.
COCOA GROVE, FLA.
Mirel Apr.: Group.
COLUMBIA, S. C.
Museum Apr.: b. Sisson; Karolik Coll.
COLUMBUS, OHIO
Gallery To Apr. 26: Art in Living.
DALLAS, TEX.
Museum To May: Head Dress Ptg.
DETROIT, MICH.
Inst. To May: Sculp. Ex.; Cont. Art.
EVANSVILLE, IND.
Museum Apr.: "Landscape View."
FITCHBURG, MASS.
Museum To May 8: L. McCoy; 18th C. Brit.
FLORENCE, S. C.
Museum Apr.: Competitive Ann'l.
HEMPSTEAD, N. Y.
Hofstra To Apr. 29: L. I. Ann'l.
HOUSTON, TEX.
Cont. Arts To May 15: Amer. Collectors.
Museum Apr.: Chirico; Chagall.
KANSAS CITY, MO.
Nelson To Apr. 24: Cont. Amer.
LINCOLN, MASS.
DeCordova To Apr. 27: R. Cobb; J. Wolfe.
LOS ANGELES, CALIF.
Hafslund To May 10: Wools.
Kantner To May 27: Mark Tobey.
Stendahl Anc. Amer.; Mod. Fr.
MADISON, WISC.
Univ. Apr.: C. Burleigh.
MANCHESTER, N. H.
Currier To Apr. 24: Kurt Roesch.
MILWAUKEE, WISC.
Inst. To Apr. 28: Wisc. Ann'l.
MINNEAPOLIS, MINN.
Inst. To Apr. 24: Austrian Prints & Drwgs.
Univ. To Apr. 25: Norwegian Art.
Walker Apr.: Izis Photo; To May 31: de Stael.
MONTREAL, CANADA
Museum To May 1: Spring Ex.
NEWARK, N. J.
Museum Apr.: N. J. Art.
NEW BRUNSWICK, N. J.
Douglass To Apr. 22: P. Soulagues.
NEW ORLEANS, LA.
Delgado To Apr. 25: Van Gogh.
NEW YORK, N. Y.
Museum
Brooklyn (Eastern Pkway) Apr. 27-June 26: National Print Ann'l.
City of New York (5th at 103) To May 8: N. Calyo, watercolors.
Cooper (Cooper Sq.) Apr. 21-June 17: 19th C. Jewelry.
Guggenheim (5th at 88) To May 1: Delannay.
Jewish (5th at 92) To May 1: "Under Freedom."
Metropolitan (5th at 82) Assyrian & Persian Art; To May 31: Amer. Swords; To May 8: 50 Books of the Year.
Modern (11 W 53) To Apr. 24: 19th C. French Masters; To May 8: Family of Man; To June 12: Ornamental Arts of India; Apr. 20-May 22: New Talent; From Apr. 26: Japanese House.
RIVERSIDE (Riv. Dr. at 103) To Apr. 24: 11 Painters, 1 Sculptor.
Whitney (22 W 54) To May 1: Recent Acquisitions.
Galleries
A.A.A. (711 5th at 55) To Apr. 30: Landscapes; Apr. 26-May 7: M. Svet.
A.C.A. (63 E 57) Apr. 18-May 7: Refregier.
Alan (32 E 65) Apr. 19-May 7: R. Tam.
Argent (67 E 59) To Apr. 30: V. Andrus.
Artists (851 Lex. at 64) To Apr. 29: J. Kleeg, sculp.
A.S.L. (215 W 57) Ann'l Concours.
Babcock (38 E 57) To Apr. 23: J. Fenton.
Barbizon-Plaza (58 at 6th) To Apr. 30: L. Liberts.
Barone (202 E 51) Apr. 25-May 21: W. Midener, sculp.
Bazransky (664 Mad. at 62) To Apr. 23: M. Bandler.
Bodley (223 E 60) Apr. 18-May 7: J. Keller.
Borgenicht (61 E 57) Apr. 18-May 14: J. De Rivera, sculp.
Brown Stone (146 E 57) To May 1: Group.
Caravan (132 E 65) To May 3: Watercolors.
Carstairs (11 E 57) Apr.: Cont. Fr. City Center (131 W 55) Apr.: Oils.
Coeval (100 W 56) Group.
Contemporary Arts (106 E 57) To Apr. 29: L. Ente, sculp.
Contemporary Foreign (37 W 57) To Apr. 30: Israel Ptg.
Cooper (313 W 53) To May 4: R. Menken.
Crespi (232 E 58) Apr. 18-May 7: de Natalis.
Davis (231 E 60) To Apr. 30: A. Shikler.
Downtown (32 E 51) Apr.: O'Keeffe.
Durlacher (11 E 57) To Apr. 23: Nicholson; Apr. 26-May 21: T. Maselli.
Duveen (18 E 79) To Apr. 30: Needlework.
Duveen-Graham (1014 Mad. at 78) To Apr. 23: C. McCall; To Apr. 30: Fr. Ptg.
Egan (46 E 57) Apr.: E. Kerkam.
Eggleston (969 Mad. at 76) To Apr. 23: S. Tubis.
Eighth St. (33 W 8) Apr. 17-May 1: Maine Students.
Feigl (601 Mad. at 57) Apr. 23-May 7: Yoram.
Ferargil (19 E 55) Contact F. N. Price.
Fine Arts Associates (41 E 57) Fr. Ptg.
Forum (822 Mad. at 69) To May 2: Univ. of Ill.
4 Directions (114 4th at 12) To Apr. 30: J. Kramer.
Fried (40 E 20) To Apr. 23: Fleischmann.
Friedman (28 E 49) Apr.: L. Stern.
Galerie Chalette (45 W 57) Cont. Fr.
Galerie De Baux (131 E 55) Amer. & Europ.
Gallery G (200 E 59) Apr. 18-May 9: M. Lieberman; Z. Maud.
Galerie Herve (611 Mad. at 58) To Apr. 20: D. Porter.
Galerie Moderne (49 W 53) Apr. 18-May 16: Fr. Landscapes.
Galerie St. Etienne (46 W 57) To Apr. 23: E. Heckel.
Gallery 75 (30 E 75) To May 9: F. Komatsu.
Gallery 21 (21 E 63) To Apr. 21: Kurach; Apr. 23-30: March of Dimes.
Ganso (125 E 57) To Apr. 30: E. Chavez.
Goldschmidt (33 E 75) To Apr. 30: Villon.
Grand Central (15 Vand. at 42) To Apr. 30: All Western.
Grand Central Moderns (120 E 57) Apr. 23-May 12: Stollenberg.
Hall of Art (534 Mad. at 55) Apr.: Amer. & Europ.
Hammer (51 E 57) Apr. 19-May 7: Veres.
Hansa (210 Cent. Pk. S.) To May 1: J. Muller.
Hartert (22 E 58) Apr.: Fr. Wools.
Heller (63 E 57) To Apr. 23: H. Kallem.
Hewitt (29 E 65) Apr.: E. Nadelman, sculp.
Hudson Guild (436 W 27) To Apr. 30: Students Ann'l.
Iolas (46 E 57) To Apr. 23: M. Grosser; Apr. 25-May 7: S. Tennant.
Jabu Enamel (400 W 57) Abstractions.
Jackson (22 E 66) To Apr. 30: J. Hultberg.
Jacobi (46 W 52) To Apr. 30: Photogenics.
James (70 E 12) Apr. 18-May 7: H. Ownby.
Janis (15 E 57) To May 14: Rothko.
Karnig (19½ E 62) Apr. 20-May 7: B. Tichenor.
Kennedy (785 5th at 59) Prints.
Kleemann (11 E 68) Apr.: Klee.
Knoedler (14 E 57) E. Berman.
Kootz (600 Mad. at 57) To May 7: Decade Ptg. Sculp.
Korman (855 Mad. at 69) To May 7: E. Colker.
Kottler (108 E 57) Group.
Kraushaar (32 E 57) To Apr. 30: J. Lasker.
Lilliput (231½ Ellz.) 11th Spring Quarterly (Wed. & Fri. 3-7).
Matisse (41 E 57) Mod. Fr.
Matrix (26 St. Mark's Pl.) Cont. Ptg.
Meltzer (38 W 57) Apr. 19-May 16: Serigraph Ann'l.
Mi Chou (320-B W 81) To Apr. 30: S. Moy.
Midtown (17 E 57) To May 7: R. Sivad.
Milch (55 E 57) To Apr. 23: Whorf; Apr. 25-May 15: Gluckmann.
Morris (174 Waverly) Apr. 18-30: S. Newburn.
New (601 Mad. at 57) To Apr. 30: A. Brigadier.
Newhouse (15 E. 57) Old Masters.
N. Y. Circul. (28 E. 72) Amer. & Europ.
Niveau (962 Mad at 76) Fr. Ptg.
Panoras (62 W 56) To Apr. 23: Niemann, Puntelli.
Parma (1107 Lex) To Apr. 23: S. Greenberg.
Parsons (15 E 57) To Apr. 23: A. Ryan; Apr. 25-May 14: M. Morgan.
Passadoff (121 E 57) To Apr. 23: Nordfeldt; Apr. 25-May 14: Sievan.
Pen & Brush (16 E 10) Apr. 20-May 4: Cotton, Matson, Stewart.
Perdalm (110 E 57) Apr. 16-May 6: E. Zutrau.
Peridot (820 Mad at 68) Apr 18-May 7: New Work.
Perls (1016 Mad at 78) Mod. Fr.
Petite (129 W 56) Europ. Ptg.
Pierino (127 Macdougall) Groups.
Regina (254 W 23) To Apr. 30: C. A. Smith.
Rehn (683 5th at 54) Group.
Riley (26 E 55) Cont. Ptg.
Roko (51 Grwch) Apr. 25-May 18: C. Duback.
Rosenberg (20 E 79) To Apr. 30: Hartley.
Saldenberg (10 E 77) To May 18: Mod. Ptg.; Rhoden, sculp.
Salpeter (42 E 57) Apr. 18-May 7: B. Wilson.
Schab (602 Mad at 57) Rare Prints.
Schaefer (32 E 57) To Apr. 30: W. Barnet.
Sculpture Center (167 E 69) Apr. 18-May 13: Lekberg, Di Spirito, Chamberlain.
Segy (708 Lex at 57) African Sculp.
Seligmann (5 E 57) To Apr. 30: R. Anliker.
Stable (924 7th at 58) To Apr. 23: Biala; Apr. 26-May 21: 4th Ann'l. Sudamericana (866 Lex at 66) To May 2: S. Guevara.
Tanager (90 E 10) Apr. 22-May 12: R. Beauchamp.
The Contemporaries (959 Mad at 75) Apr. 18-May 7: Fr. & Brit. Graphics.
Tibor De Nagy (206 E 53) To Apr. 30: J. Freilicher.
Urban (19 E 76) To May 11: R. Kuntz.
Valentin (32 E 57) To Apr. 23: Klee; Apr. 26-May 14: I. Kriesberg.
Van Diemen-Lillienfeld (21 E 57) Apr. 19-May 2: D. Draper.
Village (39 Grove) Apr. 18-May 6: Wool, Graphics.
Viviano (42 E 57) To Apr. 23: Pirandello; Apr. 25-May 21: Afro.
Walker (117 E 57) Apr. 18-May 7: D. Rasmussen.
Wellons (70 E. 56) To Apr. 23: A. Lukac.
Weyhe (794 Lex at 61) To May 10: C. Brown.
Wildenstein (19 E 64) To Apr. 30: Van Gogh.
Willard (23 W 56) To Apr. 30: R. Ray.
Wittenborn (38 E 57) Graphics.
Y.M.H.A. (Lex at 92) Apr. 29-May 13: Present Day Artists.
NORTHAMPTON, MASS.
Smith Apr.: 20th C. Amer.
OAKLAND, CALIF.
Mills To May 6: Sculp.; Amer. Print. Museum To May 6: Soc. West. Artists.
OMAHA, NEBR.
Joslyn To May 15: Art Assoc. Ann'l.
PALM BEACH, FLA.
Knastra: Cont. Art.
PHILADELPHIA, PA.
Art Alliance To May: Regional Wcol. V. & O. Heino.
Coleman Apr.: Kollwitz; Klee: Matisse; Rouault Graphics.
DeBraux by Appt.: Cont. Fr. Dublin To Apr. 23: Karp.
Little: Cont. Ptg.
Lush Apr. 19-May 11: Group.
Mack To May 15: Group.
Museum: Perm. Coll.
Pa. Acad. To May 5: C. Sheeler.
Print Club To Apr. 25: Etch. & Engrav. Ann'l.
Schurz Apr. 18-June: H. Naumer.
PITTSBURGH, PA.
Carnegie To May: W. Libby; "Arch & Eng."
PORTLAND, ORE.
Museum Apr. 24-May 22: China Jades; Ind. Bronzes.
PROVIDENCE, R. I.
School of Design To May 13: Jewish Ter.
RICHMOND, VA.
Museum To Apr. 24: Pacific N. W. Art.
SACRAMENTO, CALIF.
Crocker To May 1: M. Wildenhain Pottery.
ST. LOUIS, MO.
Museum To Apr. 30: Rel. Prints, Durer-Rouault.
SAN ANTONIO, TEX.
McNay Apr.: Jules Pascin.
White Apr.: Minna Citron.
SAN FRANCISCO, CALIF.
De Young To May: Edgar Ewing.
Gump's To May 10: R. Acker; B. Guy.
Legion Apr.: J. Oneto; Anc. Medit. Art.
Museum To May 8: Ptg. & Sculp. Ann'l; Calif. Arch.
Ruthmore Apr.: Mac Gurrin.
SANTA BARBARA, CALIF.
Museum Apr.: Tri-County Ex.
SANTA FE, N. M.
Museum To May 12: E. Chavez; To May 15: Ind. School Ann'l.
SARASOTA, FLA.
Rivling Apr.: 50 Fla. Painters.
SEATTLE, WASH.
Dusanne To Apr. 27: Pegeen & Kamenitsu.
Museum To May: Worcester Porcelain; H. Elliott.
Seligman To May 7: 6 N. W. Painters.
SPRINGFIELD, MASS.
Museum To May 8: College Art Ann'l.
Smith Apr. Mass. Crafts.
TOLEDO, OHIO
Museum To Apr. 24: Design in Scandinavia.
TOPEKA, KAN.
Mulyane To May 3: Carstenson Sculp.; Amer. Ptg.
TULSA, OKLA.
Philbrook To Apr. 27: Okla. Ann'l; Kress Coll.
TUCSON, ARIZ.
Rosequist To Apr. 23: A. Spencer.
URBANA, ILL.
Univ. To May: Home Design.
UTICA, N. Y.
Munson To Apr. 24: J. Penney; Art Club.
WASHINGTON, D. C.
Aden Apr.: R. Galoon.
Amer. Univ. To May 15: Cubism.
Bader To Apr. 19: P. Lazzari.
Corcoran To Apr. 24: M. Phillips; To May: Mid-Century Amer.
National To Apr. 24: Goya Drwgs. & Prints.
Smithsonian To Apr. 24: Miniatures Ann'l.
Wash. Univ. Apr.: Univ. Art Ann'l.
Whyte Apr.: Eugene Berman.
WEST PALM BEACH, FLA.
Norton To Apr. 25: Norton School.
WESTPORT, CONN.
Kipnis Apr.: "Flowers in Art."
WINNIPEG, CANADA
Art Gallery To May 15: Spanish Ex.
WORCESTER, MASS.
Museum Apr. 25-June 5: Botanical Prints.
WINTER PARK, FLA.
Rollins Apr. 24-May 14: Norton Coll. Sculp.

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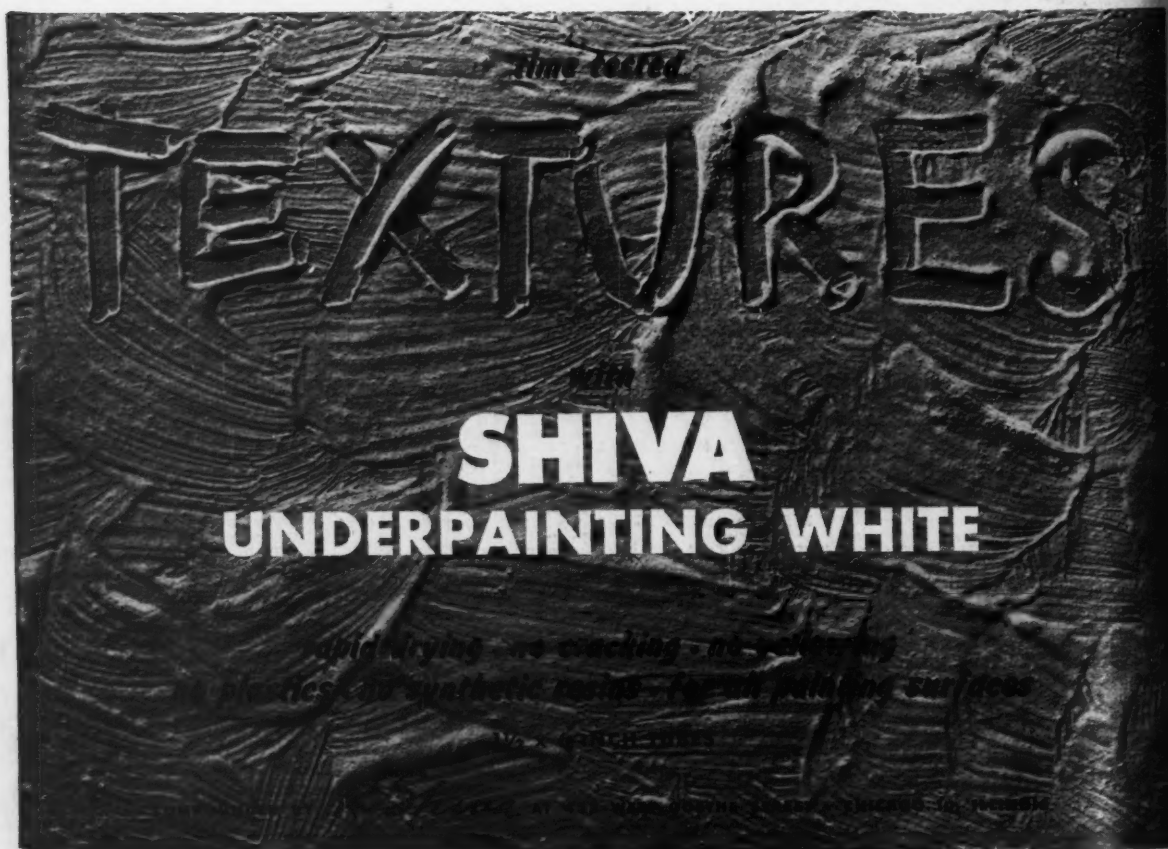
April 24 — May 7

WILLIAM

MEYEROWITZ

DOLL & RICHARDS

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May 7
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